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Vol. L

October 1921

No. 299

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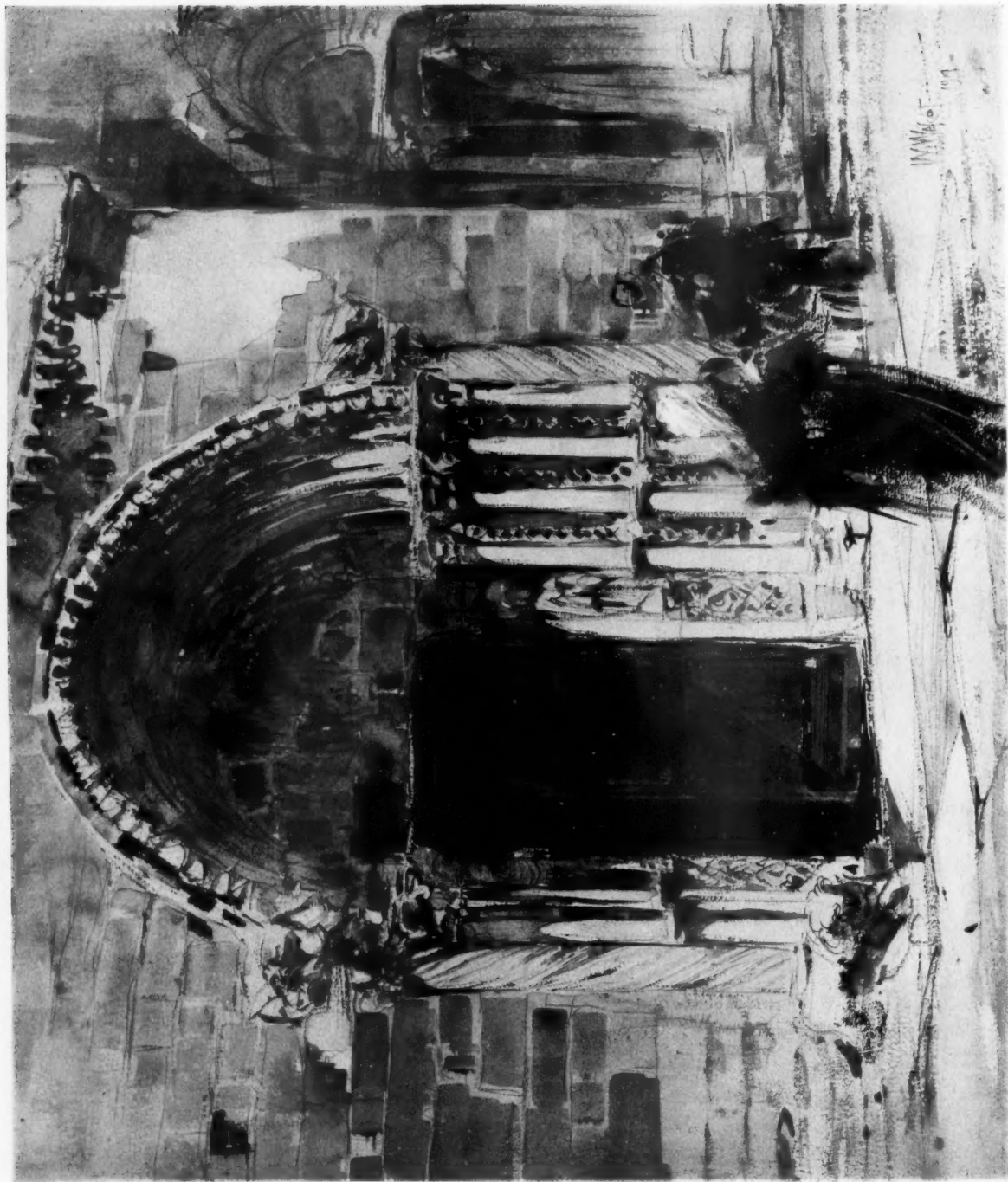


Plate 1.

CHURCH OF ST. PETER, TOSCANELLA, NEAR VITERBO.

From a Water-colour Painting by W. W. 109.

October 1921.

South-western France and Albi.

By Henry M. Fletcher.

BRIVE is the gateway of the south-west. A comfortable day's travel from Paris, and a pleasant resting-place to break your journey; an old town ringed with a boulevard, and a new town radiating round it; stone houses with slate roofs; a solid church, dark and cool, with round columns of surprising height; two or three Renaissance courtyards, slumbering amid their delicate arches, turrets, and dormers; formal alleys under secular plane-trees bordering the still Corrèze; nothing for the tourist to gape at, nor anywhere a false note; the cool silver harmony of provincial France.

From Brive the railways branch in six directions; if you can find a train, you may go where you will. The country and the rivers are enchanting everywhere, with the mingled grandeur and freakishness of limestone regions. The lover of rivers, indeed, may scarcely keep a whole heart—Dordogne, Lot, Aveyron, Tarn, and Aude will tug him in various directions, and now and again the straight poplared reaches of the Canal du Midi will call him softly. But in the end he will own Dordogne for queen of them all.

Among so many towns and villages no man may judge. From Limoges to Toulouse, from Bordeaux to Carcassonne, an architect can hardly go wrong by any route. He will find work of all ages and every kind of builder: Romanesque in the tunnel-vault of St. Sernin at Toulouse, and the strangely Oriental domed churches of St. Emilion, Cahors, and Souillac; early Southern Gothic in the vast spans of Albi, St. Vincent at Carcassonne, and the cathedral naves of Toulouse and Bordeaux; Gothic of the three-aisled northern type in St. Nazaire at Carcassonne, St. Salvi at Albi, Mende Cathedral and the choirs of Toulouse and Bordeaux; mediæval domestic everywhere, but pre-eminently at Cordes, Rocamadour, and the enchanting little "bastide" of Monpazier; fortresses at Cahors, at Carcassonne, at Biron, Najac, and thick-sown along the railway from Figeac to Albi; a queer overloaded Renaissance in the old hotels at Toulouse, and some fragments at Albi; the stateliest eighteenth-century on the quays and in the theatre at Bordeaux; here and there the modern Beaux-Arts touch in the two great cities; everywhere, and perhaps most satisfying of all, the common French vernacular of the last three centuries, so sparing in features, so infallibly graceful and effortless in outline and mass.

Albi has much in common with the brick towns of North Italy. A torrential river, which a storm in the hills will change in a few hours from clear olive-green to surly red; piles of dusty pink brick rising out of it, fretted with putlog holes and slashed with shadows from flat-pitched pantile eaves, sheltering timber-posted loggie; narrow twisting alleys; shutters blue and green and white and grey; arbours of wistaria and avenues of plane in the wide dust-coloured boulevards; black-garmented crowds loitering, chaffing and chaffering round the canvas booths in the broad "places," punctuating their bargains with the drum-roll of the southern "r," the brassy staccato of the southern "ong" and "ang"; stir and bustle and hot sunlight everywhere. But Albi is Albi, and not any other town in Italy or France, by virtue of one possession—its cathedral. "Possessor," perhaps, rather than "possession," for Albi does not possess the cathedral; the cathedral possesses Albi.

They have used it cruelly. The old builders left it incomplete, carried the walls no higher than the tops of the windows, and clapped on a low-pitched roof with broad eaves at that

level. Would we had it now! The shadows, changing ever in depth as the sun rose and fell and chased them round the varying planes of nave-wall, circular buttress, and apse-splay, must have been fascinating in their multiplicity. But the tie-beams pressed upon the vaults and threatened them with collapse. César Daly devoted too many years of a long life to repairing the vaults and finishing the unfinishable. In making a new roof, not content to repeat its old form, he raised the walls some twenty feet, diminishing thereby the apparent height of the tower, crowned them with a Gothic cresting, and surrounded the apse with turrets of an appalling ferocity. Time removed César, and the new generation his cresting and turrets. They finished the wall with a thick level band of stone, and replaced his seven pepper-pots by three of a tempered clumsiness. But the majesty of the original design has vanquished the freaks of French restorers, and the pink brick elephant of a building, in spite of them all, still stirs you with awe and reverence, almost with terror.

The exterior is bare to austerity, a sort of classic Gothic, making its effect at one blow; 120 ft. sheer rises the brick cliff that covers the transverse walls which take the thrust of the vaults. But a hint of the wealth within is given by the fortified gateway, the flight of steps, and the great stone baldaquin porch of sixteenth-century Gothic by which the cathedral is entered halfway along its southern flank.

Structurally, the interior is as bold and as simple as the exterior, bold in the 60-ft. span of the vaults, simple in the unbroken procession, from west end to apse, of the two ranges of chapels, fifty-eight in all, windowed above, lightless below, except for the small lancets inserted later in the apse. Fergusson, reading no doubt from the plan, says: "Where, as at Albi, the lower parts of the recesses between the internal buttresses were occupied by deep windowless chapels, and the upper lights were almost wholly concealed, the result was an extraordinary appearance of repose and mysterious gloom." Let no one enter with any such expectations. Repose, yes; but no gloom or mystery. The light from the opposite windows floods the lower chapels and spoils all Fergusson's eloquence. If you judge the southern sun by English standards you are bound to go wrong; and seeing that the windows in question are some 40 ft. high and 6 ft. wide, they may well prove equal to their work. And if wrong about Albi, what is to prove you right about the Parthenon?

But though the structure is simple, the decoration is rich beyond parallel this side of the Alps. The jubé, the stone screen which separates and surrounds the choir, is a miracle of carving and sculpture. The carving is French in its delicacy and grace, the sculpture French in its unshrinking naturalism of comedy and tragedy, so that even to-day you may see, chatting in the market-place outside, the types of its prophets, queens, and saints. The frescoes, which cover walls and vaults from end to end and from ridge to floor with an infinity of patterns and arabesques and bands and subject panels, are pure Italian. The colours used are few. Red and yellow ochres, black, white, and grey, with a little green, make up the palette for walls and piers; and it repays to walk through the upper chapels and notice how rough and slapdash is the treatment of the patterns that look so regular from down below. These old Bolognese painters knew that, with thousands of yards to cover, the scale must be bold, and exactness of setting-out must be eschewed,



ALBI CATHEDRAL FROM ACROSS THE RIVER TARN.

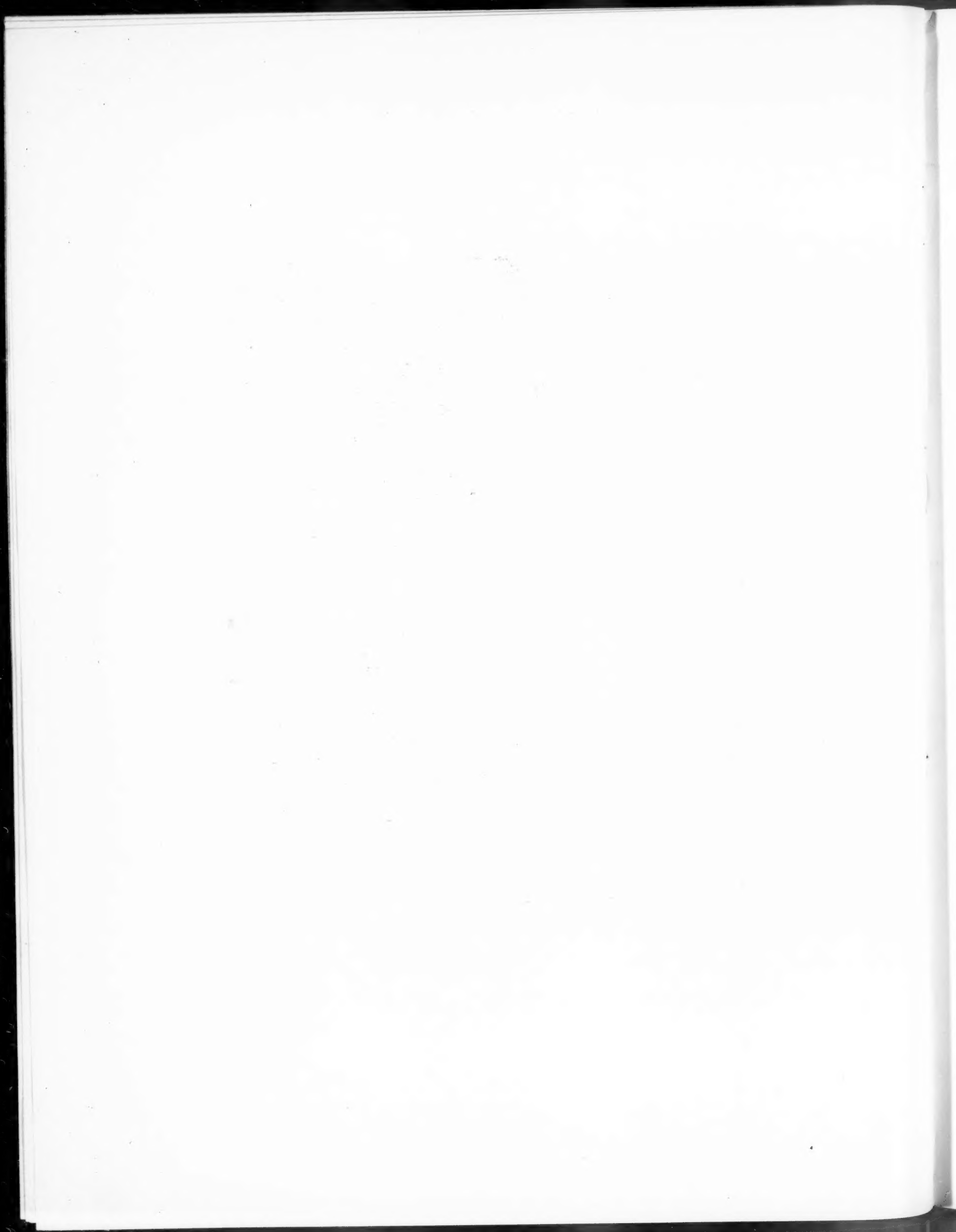
SOUTH-WESTERN FRANCE AND ALBI.

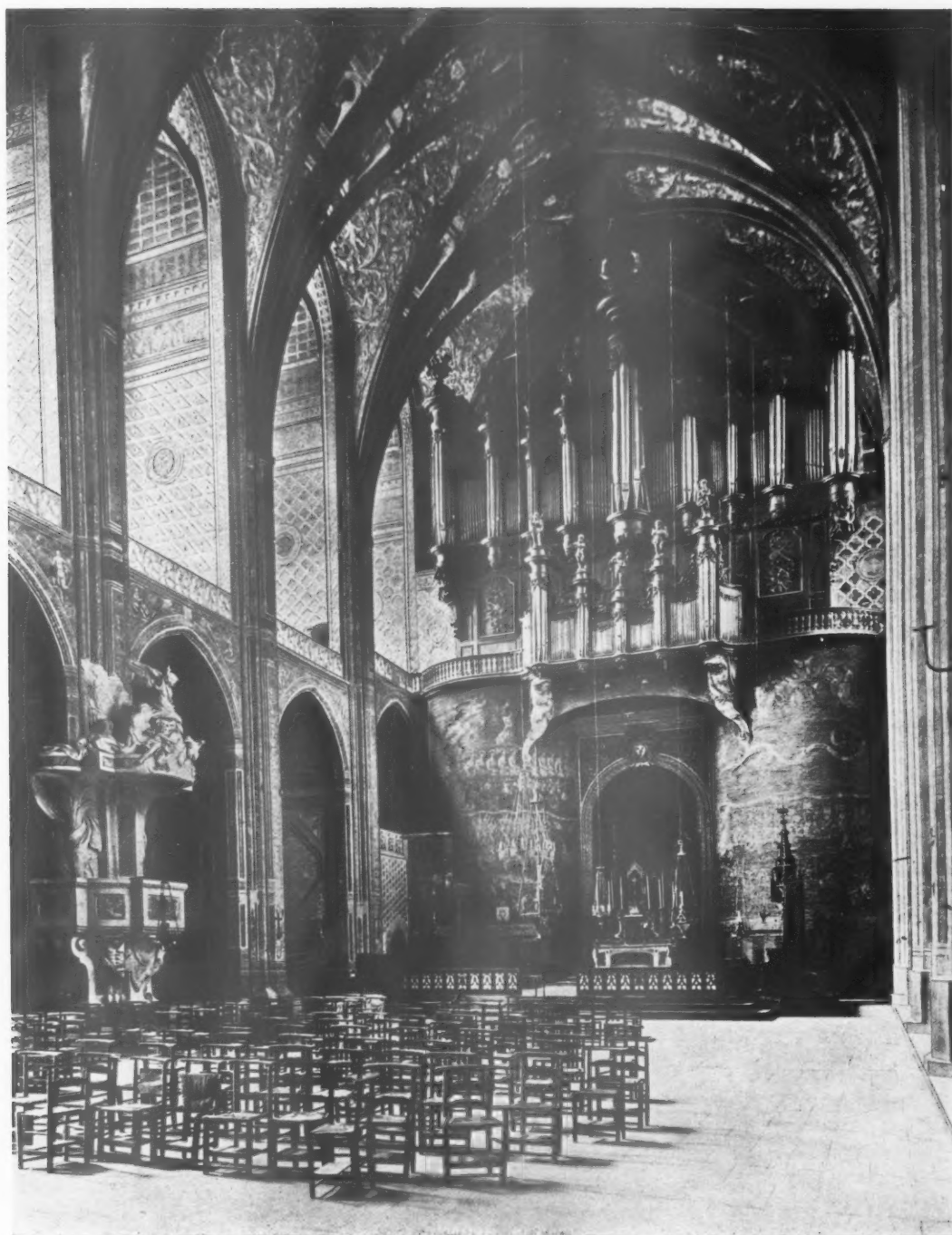


Plate II.

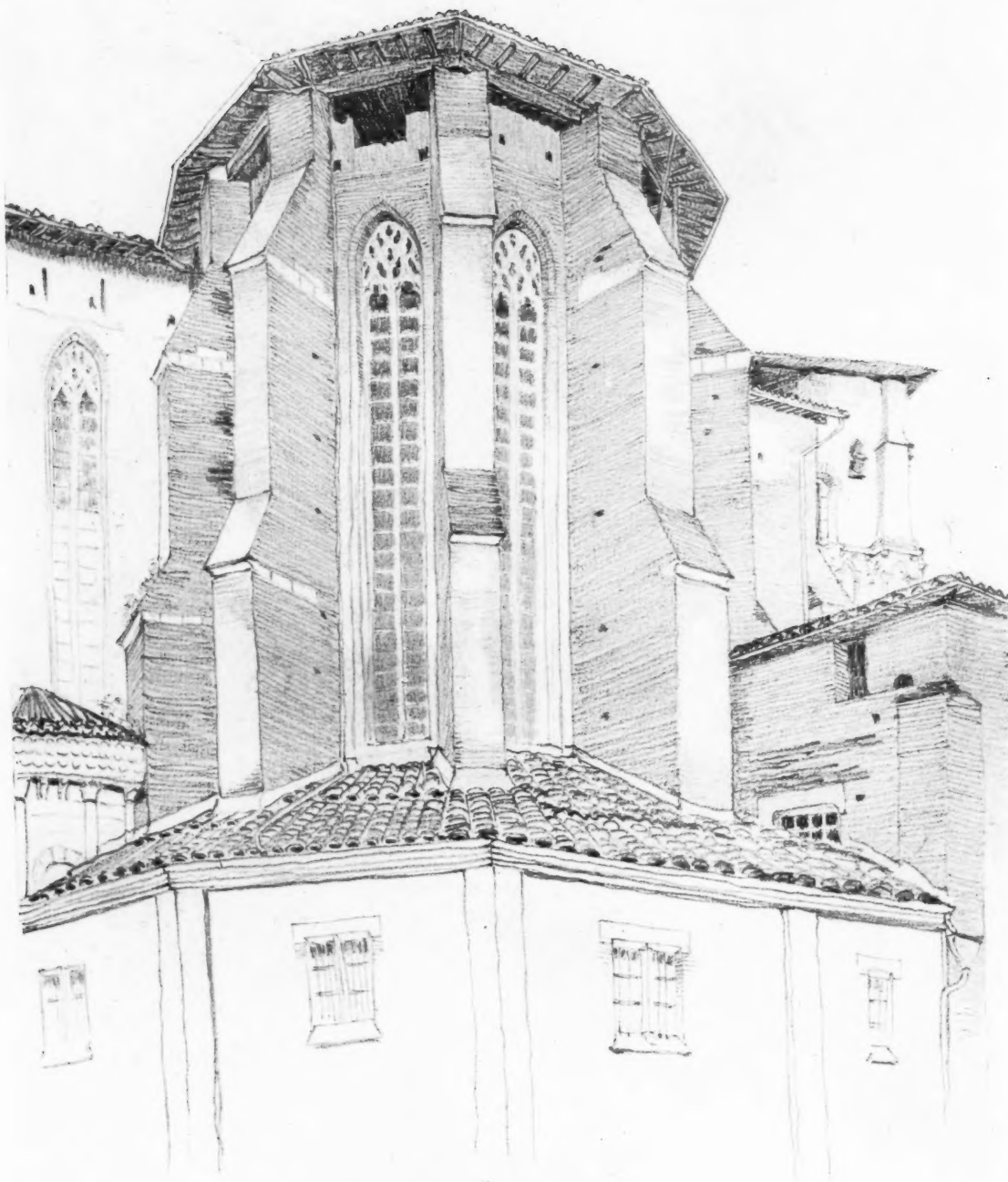
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CATHEDRAL OF STE. CECILE, ALBI: THE APSE.





ALBI CATHEDRAL: THE NAVE, LOOKING WEST.



ST. SALVI, ALBI: THE APSE.

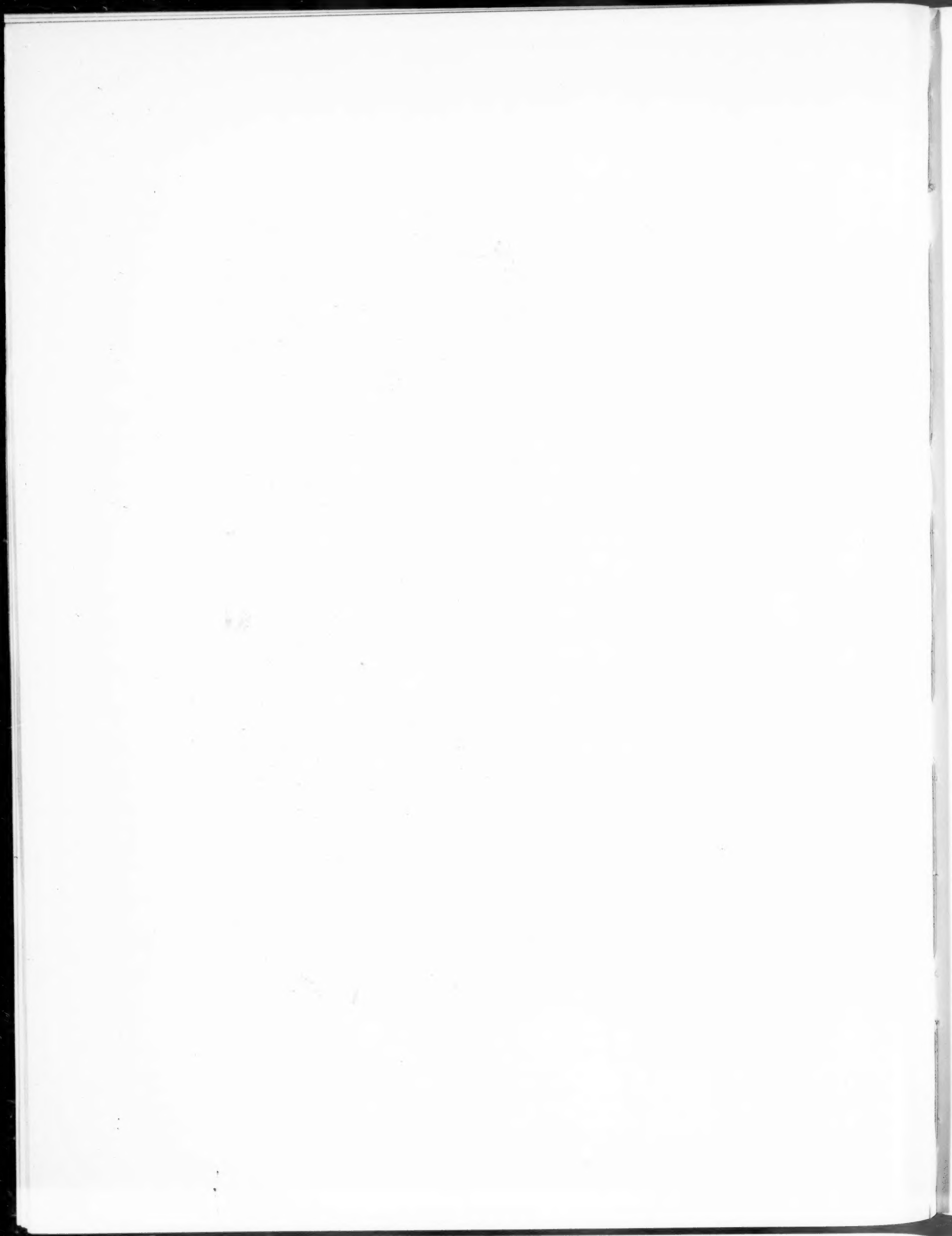
SOUTH-WESTERN FRANCE AND ALBI.



Plate III.

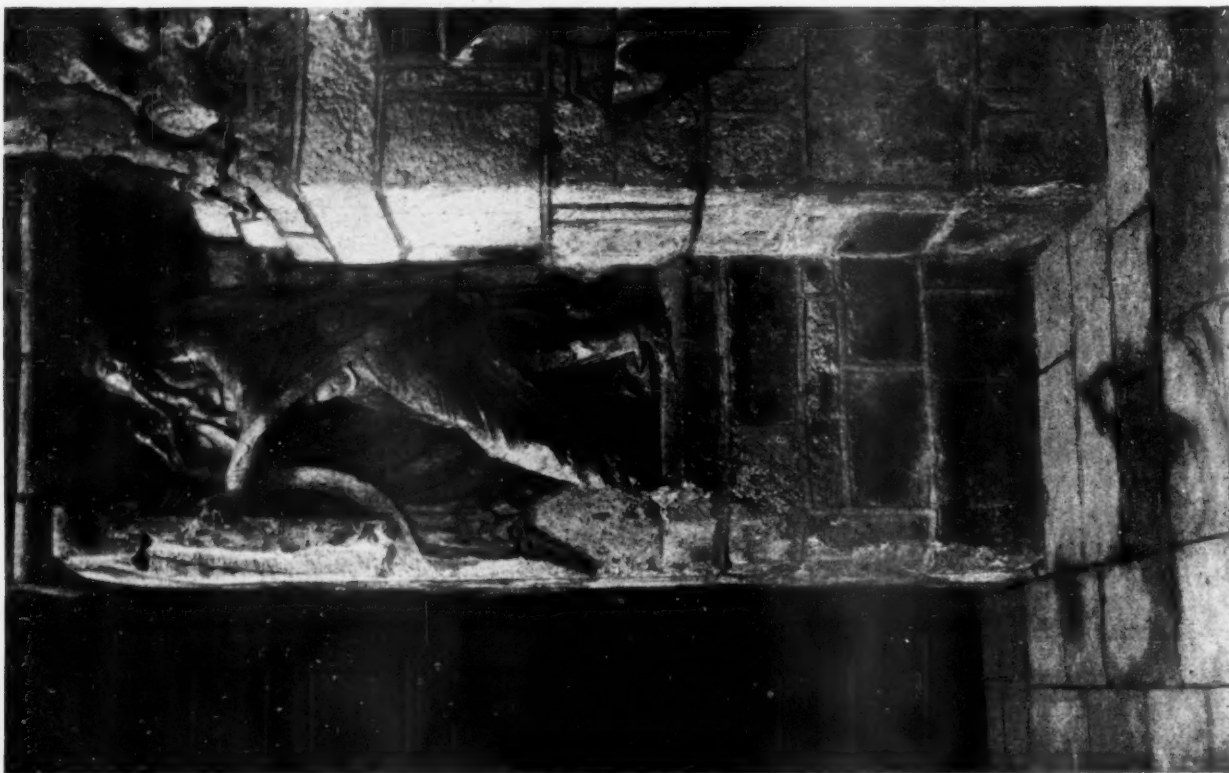
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SOUILLAC: THE NAVE, LOOKING WEST.

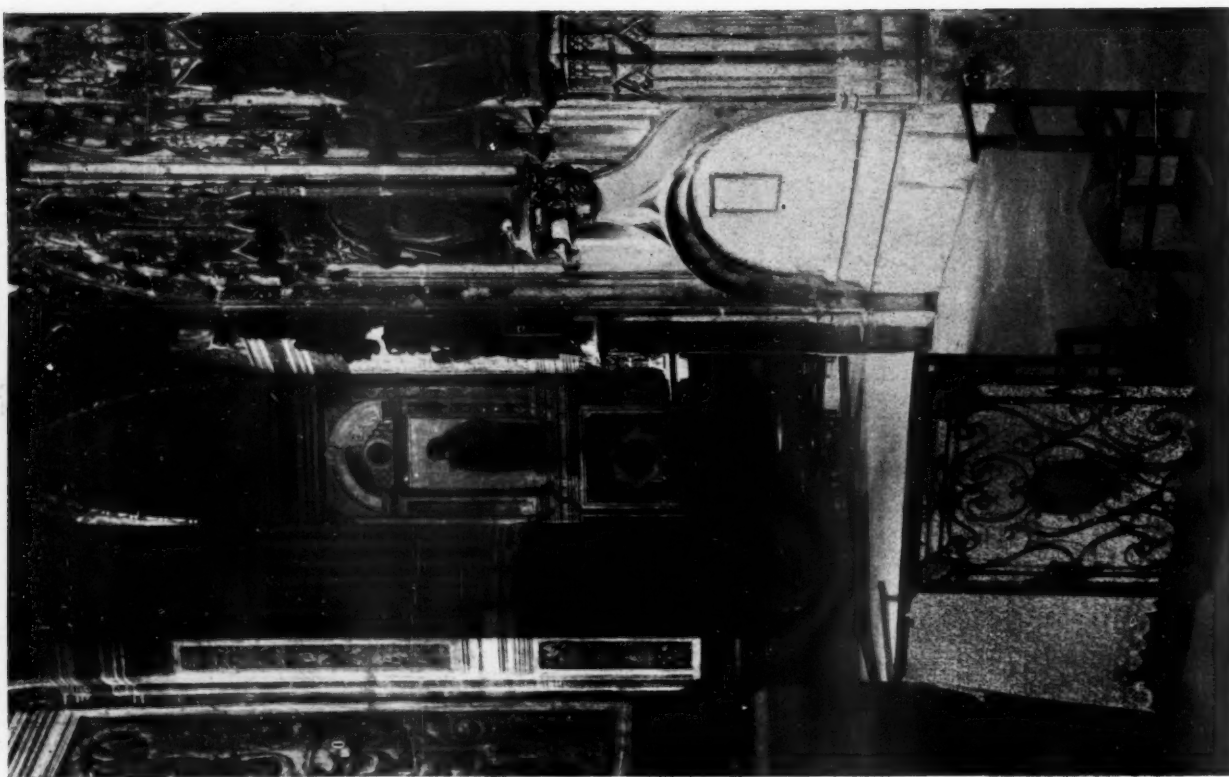




CARCASSONNE: THE CITÉ, FROM THE OLD BRIDGE.



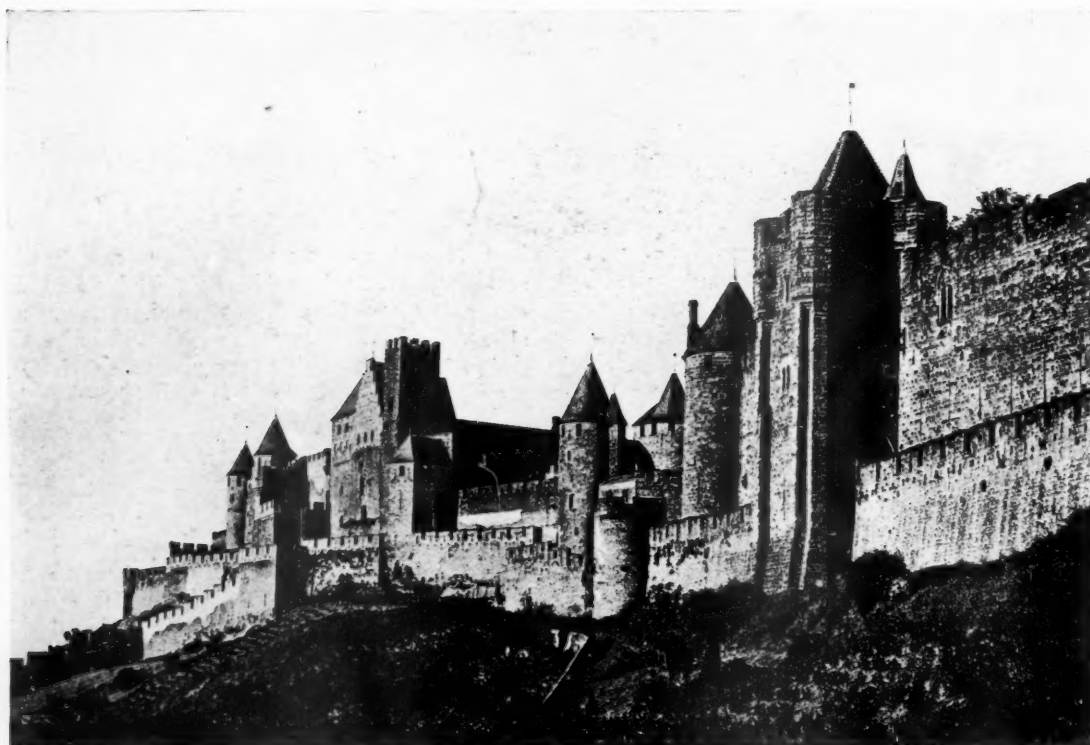
SOUILLAC: ISAIAH.



ALBI CATHEDRAL: THE AMBULATORY.



CAHORS CATHEDRAL: THE CLOISTERS.



CARCASSONNE: TOUR DE L'ÉVÊQUE.

or the work would appear finicking and mechanical. The vaults are blue, and the vaulting-ribs gold, a heavenly blue and a golden gold. After this cathedral all others look naked, and to know the truth about mediæval colour there is no help for it—you must journey to Albi.

Carcassonne is the real South, of cypresses, stone-pines, and judas-trees, where little is cultivated but the vine, and the talk of the streets and the washing-pool has scarcely any audible likeness to French. The view from the walls of the Cité is surely one of the great views of Europe, and worth a pilgrimage to Carcassonne, as the sight of the incoming spring-tide would be worth a pilgrimage to Mont St. Michel, even though its rock were bare of buildings. Of the Cité itself what can one say? Mr. Belloc observes scornfully that "no one of weight has talked nonsense here against restoration, for the sense of the past is too strong." For a historian it may be so; for an architect the sense of the past is pretty thickly overlaid by that of the present, or rather by that of the last century and Viollet-le-Duc. Without a careful study of old prints and documents it is hard to be sure what he has or has not done, but his spirit hovers everywhere, uncomfortably predominant; and in the Visigothic tower, the one of all others whose authenticity would be priceless, it stalks naked and unashamed. One must admit that here again, as at Albi, the scale is so vast that on a general survey restoration counts for less than in other monuments of a more delicate finish; none the less, in this clear atmosphere and blazing light, the sharp clean texture is trying to an eye accustomed to see mediæval castles veiled in the lichens and haze of a northern climate. In the morning from the old bridge over the Aude, or in the evening from the plateau outside the Porte Narbonnaise, the walls and towers are seen with the sun behind, in mass and not in detail, and the great fortress comes into its own, with the restorer's scrapings obliterated.

Of certain things in Carcassonne, however, one can speak without reservation. There is a Louis XIV gate to the lower town, the Porte des Jacobins, astylar, strong, nobly proportioned. There is St. Vincent in the lower town, a fourteenth-

century parish church as high as Westminster Abbey and twice as wide—70 ft. clear span. The glass is dark, and the decorations are dark and stupid; but the proportions are unspoilable, and there is a universal welcome in its generous spread. The seventeenth century has played charmingly with the two western chapels on each side of the tower, throwing columned screens across their openings for a high light to penetrate, in one case through a pierced arch, in the other through a fantasy of rococo clouds. In the upper town is St. Nazaire, an exquisite interior, the nave and its aisles bare Romanesque, blossoming into the richest fourteenth-century in transepts and choir. Instead of walls or open arches between the chapels, traceried screens, designed like unglazed windows, connect the piers of the transept to its east wall, with a magical effect of elaboration in an unexpected place. The glass is fine, and so are the tombs of the bishops. The ancient gentleman who shows the church would have it that these had never been touched by the restorer's chisel, but Carcassonne is not a place where such statements can be taken lightly; and indeed one's reception of all statements by Meridionals is coloured, unfairly maybe, by memories of Tartarin. Occasionally such scepticism is inevitable, as when an old lady at Rocamadour informed us that Notre Dame de Paris, which she had once seen, compared with the church of her native village of Martel, was "unë tout petitë moustique à côté d'un gr-ros bœuf!"

Toulouse, as a town, is no good. It seems to rouse the same feeling of distaste in all its visitors. Hot, windy, dusty, squalid, with an ineffective river-front and boulevards of bourgeois vulgarity, it hides yet a good many precious jewels in its head. St. Sernin, inside and out, is perhaps the climax of the Romanesque churches of Southern France. The grouping of the apsidal chapels round the octagonal brick tower is unsurpassable. So is the nave, a narrow, lofty, grey, solemn tunnel. And in the north-eastern chapel of the north transept is a gilded crucifix of the eleventh century which is surely the climax of Romanesque sculpture. The chapel itself would kill anything less nobly inspired. It is dark and profusely



CAHORS: LE PONT VALENTRE.

decorated, in a style recalling Hamlet's uncle's oratory, with rolls, zigzags, and chevrons in hot, heavy colouring. The Christ is colossal, probably seven or eight feet high, simply modelled and austere, without contortion, one of the few not unworthy conceptions of the Man of Sorrows. Whether because of the lighting, or from want of appreciation, it seems impossible to find any illustration of this sublime figure.

The church of the Jacobins, now the chapel of the Girls' Lycée, if its present condition suggests that a course in cleanliness is not included in the Girls' Curriculum, is nevertheless noble architecture, and one of the rare instances of a two-aisled centrally-arcaded church. The easternmost pier stands at the centre of the apse, which is consequently vaulted like the half of a chapter-house such as those of Wells and Westminster. The vaulting of the two aisles, or naves, being plain quadripartite, the culmination of richness at the sanctuary is magnificently logical. The defect of the plan is the position of the high altar, behind the eastern pier.

The cathedral of St. Etienne is, and has been since the fifteenth century, perhaps the most bizarre building in Europe. The nave is of the southern type, aisleless and vast. Fashion changing, they started to rebuild the whole church on the northern three-aisled plan, and with a totally different axis, but never got beyond the choir. The clash of axes and scales, as you enter by the west door, is startling beyond description, and even the sumptuous tapestries with which the church is hung from end to end, and the glorious glass of the choir, only emphasize the extreme oddity of the structure.

At Cahors we are back in the limestone. A charmingly placed city, in a long narrow loop of the River Lot, with high bare hills all round, so that in the days before artillery nothing was needed to make it impregnable but a strong wall across the neck of the loop, and the famous Pont Valentré, defended by three towers, one on each bank and one in the centre, for communication with the other side. A painter's town, perhaps, rather than an architect's; but the cathedral is not to be missed. The west front is really one great oblong tower, wrought at the top into the semblance of three, and consists of a childlike

collection of beautiful fourteenth-century details, stuck about at random. The interior shows once more the imposing effect of an unencumbered floor, covered here by two 50-ft. Romanesque domes and an apse. On the south side is a fairy Gothic cloister round an old acacia, with pitch-black holes under the eaves, and creamy stone carvings and lierne vaulting. We foreigners must worship it under a vow of secrecy, for it has never been touched since the year it was built. One day a French architect will discover it, and then good-bye, little cloister!

Time fails to tell of other wonders: of Castres, with the garden that Mansart laid out for the bishop; hill-set thirteenth-century Cordes, where, except in the tiny square at the top, you walk at an angle of forty-five degrees; Edwardian Monpazier, its market-place surrounded by huge arches that spring straight from the ground; Castelnau-dary, where you may not only sing, but buy and eat, *Glorias* and *Alleluias*; Rocamadour, the magical village, where the houses and sanctuaries cling like swallows' nests to the cliff, which is not a proper cliff at all, but the side of a hole; where the faithful climb 215 steps on their knees; where at the great pilgrimage they praise the Lord with Bengal lights, Catherine wheels, and *feux d'artifice*, whizzing away on a wire stretched over the chasm; Souillac, where men and birds and beasts and devils writhe and bite each other up and down the columns of the west door, and Isaiah, larger than life, with forked beard and plaited hair, minces and prances with delight at the spectacle. These, and many more joys and marvels, are yours for the price of a journey to South-western France.

NOTE.—Plate II shows the apse as Daly left it. As it is now it does not seem to have been photographed; at any rate, no other view gives an equal impression of height and strength. A comparison with the illustration on the facing page will show what has been done since Daly's time. The position of the original roof is clearly marked by the difference in colour between new and old brickwork.

M. A. Pergolesi and Robert Adam.

By Walter Shaw Sparrow.

TWO artists of the eighteenth century were surnamed Pergolesi. One of them died in 1736, at the age of six-and-twenty, after winning so much fame that he would never be omitted from encyclopædias and biographical dictionaries. His Christian names were Giovanni Battista; his art was musical composition; and in all his actions, whether private or public, he attracted attention, as though certain qualities of his temperament were as press agents long before newspapers began their swift evolution into noisepapers. Giovanni Pergolesi is a nuisance to any one who tries by means of long research to gain biographical touch with the other Italian who has the same family name. Giovanni is not the bore whom I am hunting, though he comes incessantly into my chase. I have been crossed by him in scores of books, English, French, German, Italian, while the other Pergolesi enters my research only from time to time, and never in a sketch of his life. But some interesting facts, not yet published in any work of reference, have brought me pretty close to his character, and also to a portion of his enterprise in England.

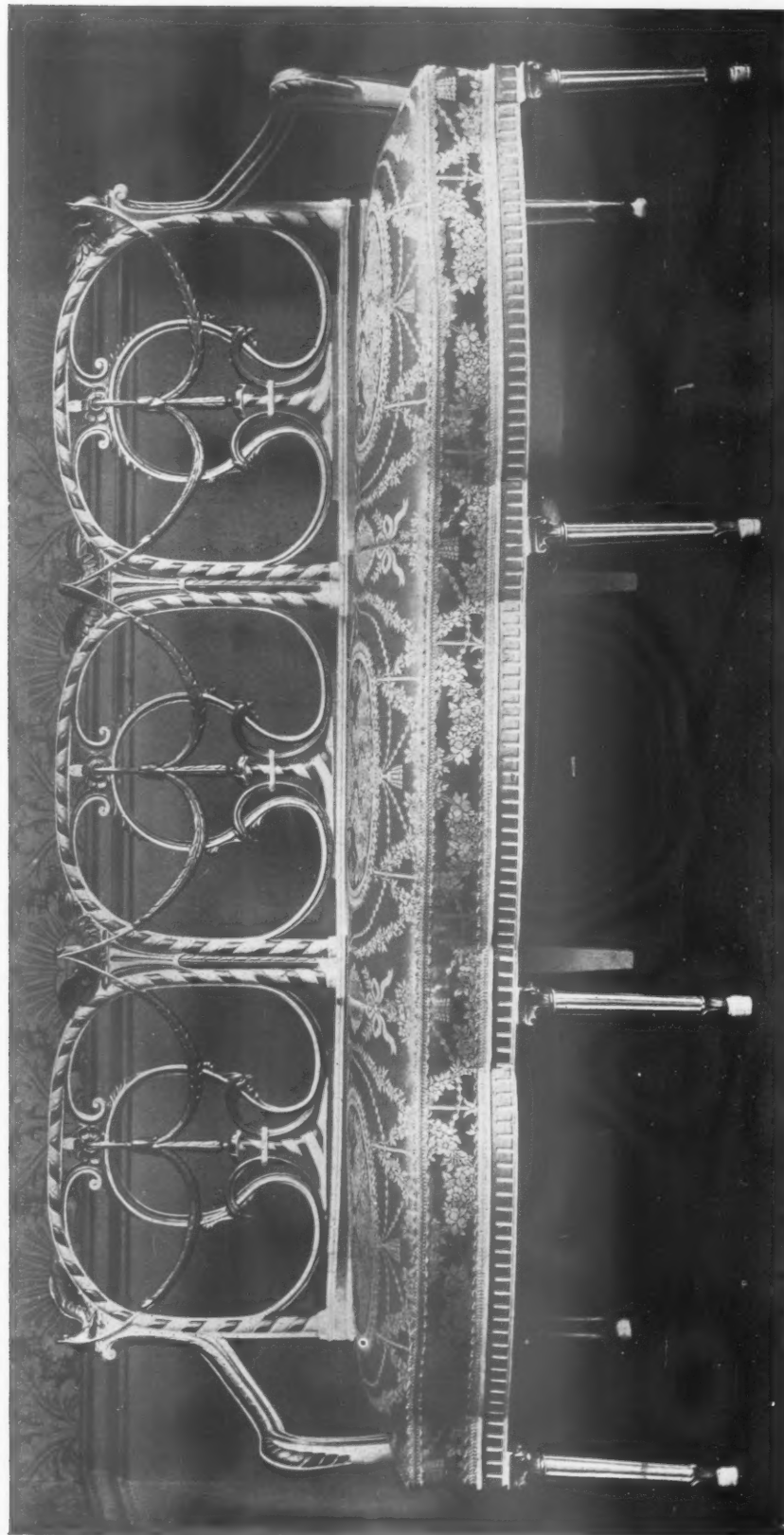
I cannot find out when and where he was born, but he began life heavily handicapped. His parents called him Michele Angelo, as though their miracle of a boy would certainly grow into a Buonarroti if he failed somehow to become archangelic. Temperaments rebel against ill-chosen Christian names, and

Pergolesi became as unlike Michael Angelo as a variegated creeping plant is unlike a full-grown yew tree. His ability was light, elastic, volatile, fanciful, a facile and pretty classicist in boudoir phases of design and ornament; and when he was in his prime, during the rivalry of James Wyatt and Robert Adam, our country became his friend by exchanging a great deal of Puritan sternness for a renewal of cavalier virtues and vices. A reactionary vogue in architecture carried the fashionable world from Palladianism into a style that revealed to students of social changes a rebellion against Puritan rigour, whether expressed in building materials or in any other phase of good breeding.

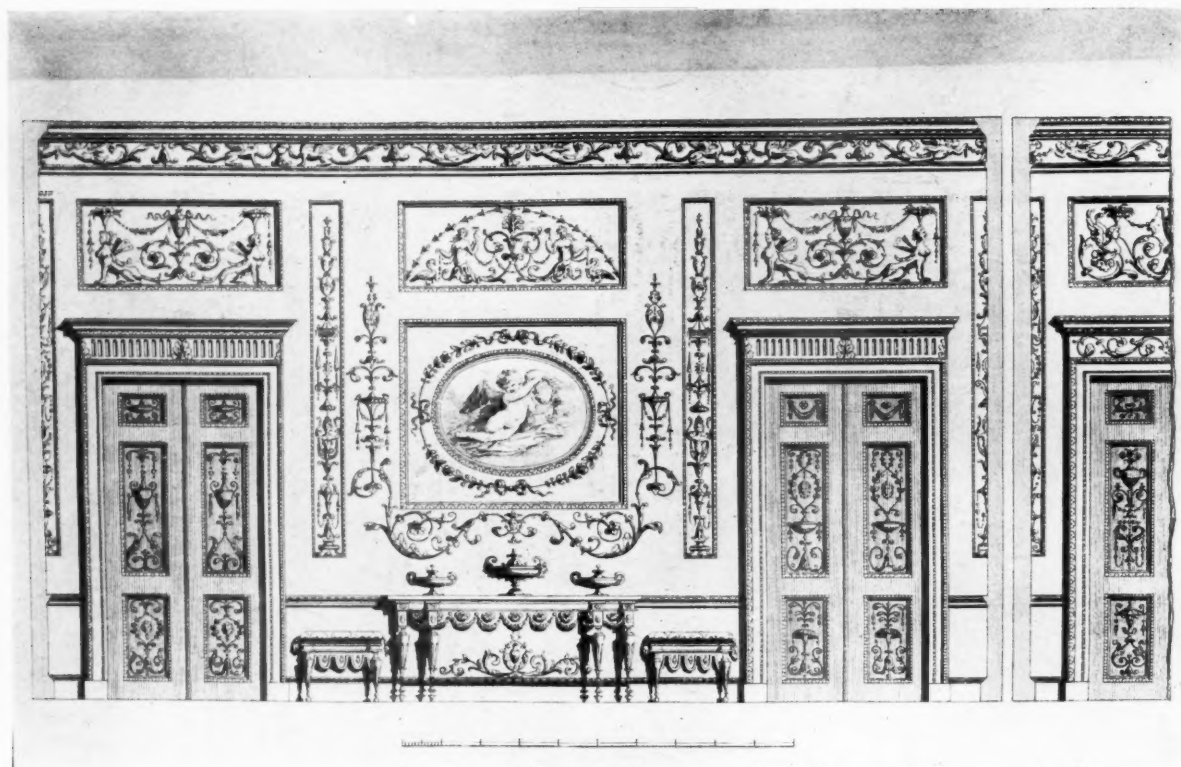
The decorative style commonly known as the Adam manner was not a foe to classical dignity and mass, but it soothed and softened and sweetened them with a new spirit, the dual spirit of an English cavalier and his bride; for Robert Adam was feminine always in his attitude to ornamental detail and graciously masculine in his liking for ample space and well-aired proportion. His influence, if we view it as a social sign, is the antithesis of those old traits in our national character which produced even in Shakespeare's time the grim and fierce Puritanism of Phillip Stubbes, and which grew rapidly into roundhead gloom and ironside militancy. Holkham is a massive art of English Puritanism expressed in a Palladian manner,



PAINTED CABINET.



PERGOLESI SETTEE: ENAMELLED WHITE AND RELIEVED BY GOLD.



PERGOLESI DESIGN.

while Robert Adam's famous Etruscan room at Osterley shows the cavalier and his bride infused into and through the austere structure of classic reserve, pride, and amplitude.

To this changing England many foreign artists came with glad ambition. Among the thirty-six foundation members of the Royal Academy we find eleven foreigners: Francesco Bartolozzi, Agostino Carlini, John Baptist Cipriani, Angelica Kauffmann, Jeremiah Meyer, Michael Moser, Mary Moser, Dominic Serres, Johann Zoffany, and Francesco Zuccarelli. London was a colony for continental artists. At the beginning of 1777 Pergolesi was not only in London, but also at work on a very ambitious publication to be brought out in parts or numbers. The first number would be out in May, and would contain five large plates engraved by himself from his own designs. The good man was preparing a prospectus and collecting subscribers,* and we cannot suppose that a newcomer among the foreign artists in London would have dared to offer for sale by subscription a large folio volume which would be published in numbers on dates unnamed. So it is reasonable to infer that Pergolesi had been in London for some time, long enough to make himself known to and liked by a good many persons who could be useful to him as patrons or as clients.

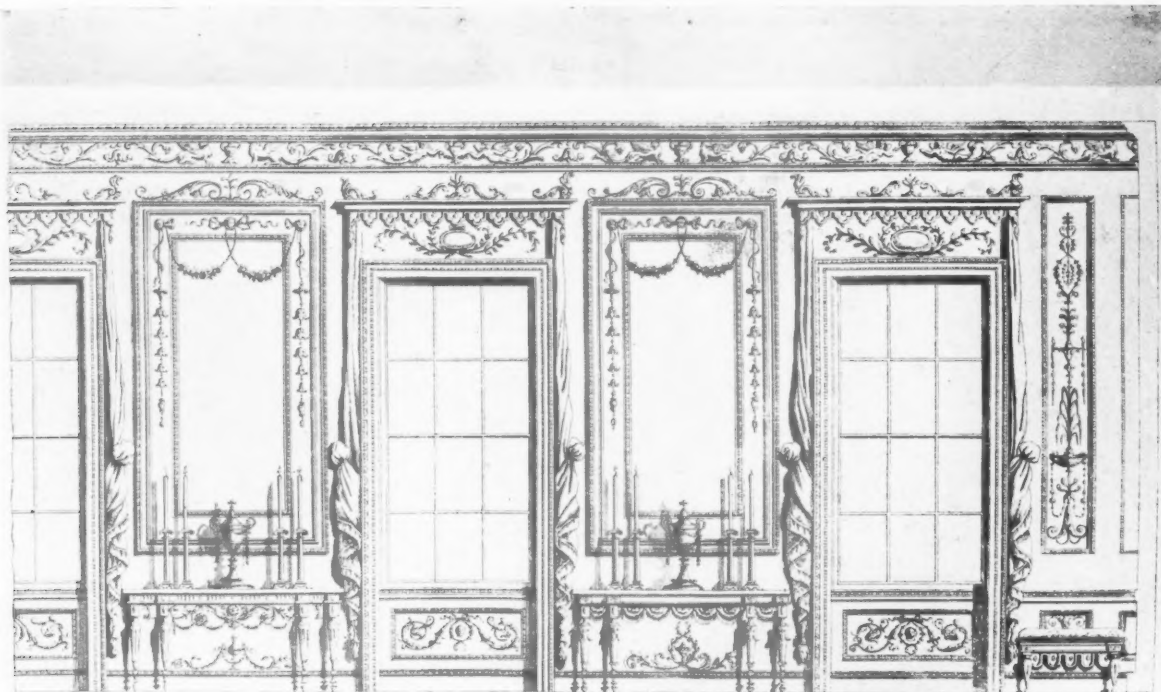
James Wyatt and Robert Adam, usually urged on and on at full speed by commissions, must have needed a great many assistants, often in places far apart. When Wyatt, between 1770 and January 1772, adapted the old Pantheon in Oxford Street for dramatic performances, and achieved fame by his rich, seductive decoration, he required men of Pergolesi's versatile skill; and afterwards, before he turned head over heels into Gothic, he designed and built many great houses in the Greco-Italian style. Pergolesi may have worked for Wyatt; but it is always with Robert Adam's name and fame that he is connected by those books of reference, few in number, that notice and praise his affiliated manner.

I am attracted to Pergolesi not because of his manner, but

* Later we shall examine the prospectus.

because his position among artists of his day has been made controversial by the critics who have tried to save him from unmerited neglect. A controversy is entertaining, for it centres around truth and justice; and here it is begun by men who have tried to write history without naming their authorities. Some of them have placed Pergolesi among Robert Adam's corporals and sergeants, while others affirm that Robert Adam owed much of his versatile appeal and fame to Pergolesi's gifts as a collaborating officer. If so, Robert Adam was unfair to his collaborator, who cannot have received a just amount of public recognition because Mr. Arthur T. Bolton has not yet found any reference to Pergolesi among Adam's documents. To hide from the world what a chosen adjutant has done, and done well, is immoral, and if Pergolesi was to Robert Adam what certain writers have declared, he should have been recognised as frankly by Adam as Maquet was by Alexandre Dumas.

My position in this controversial question is neutral. Though I am not among Adam's ardent devotees, I feel that a charge of dishonesty against his open-hearted nature is a thing to be questioned and cross-questioned by all students, no matter what their preferences may be in a choice of styles. Some Adamites are positively shocked by the mere suggestion that Robert Adam, working usually at many things and at full H.P., may have been glad to find in Pergolesi a versatile man who had studied in the same school of design and ornament, and who was fit for more important work than that of a mere subaltern. To be annoyed by this tentative suggestion is ridiculous, and for two reasons. When a debate is set astir in history, both parties are called upon by common sense to make sure that there is nothing improbable, or nothing unreasonable, in the cause of their enthusiasm. Are they debating a thing which could have happened naturally in the common run of professional enterprise? Next, was it not necessary for Adam to be an excellent commander-in-chief? How else could he choose for every job the best officers and men to be found in the United Kingdom?



PERGOLESI DESIGN.

Nothing less than thorough success in this matter could give freedom and safety to the astounding ease with which he made sketches and plans for a great many various purposes. In 1791, the year before his death, Robert Adam designed eight great public buildings and twenty-five private ones. Here is a typical example of his productivity. To know what it means in its relation to eighteenth-century ways of life, let us remember the primitive wayfaring that ruled in those days over anyone who was obliged to travel a great deal in his professional work. Riding, driving, and coaching were the swiftest locomotion, and not one of them was good for Robert Adam, whose dynamo of inventive fervour put overmuch strain on his active body and restless nerves. Even to-day, aided by railways, motor-cars, telephones, telegrams, airplanes, a Robert Adam might tire himself if he kept in personal touch with the gradual realization of his prolific ideas. So it is not enough when experts say, "Research leads us to believe that Pergolesi was never among Adam's deputies or delegates." This information has no value unless it is accompanied by a complete list of Adam's assistants, including clerks-of-the-works and other officers. Can such a list be compiled, not for London only, but also for the provinces?

Then there is another sort of insufficient statement. Let me choose two examples. Mr. Arthur Stratton, in his beautiful book on "The English Interior," says that Pergolesi carried out much of the modelled ornament for Adam ceilings in a special sort of composition that lent itself to such delicate relief; and that the result of this combination of artists, who worked in perfect harmony inspired by the same ideals, may be seen in the incomparable interiors of Harewood, Yorkshire, and other famous homes, notably Lansdowne House and Portman House, London. That Pergolesi was qualified to do this craftsmanship is proved by his own published designs for ceilings and wall panels; but from what documents, printed or in manuscript, does Mr. Stratton get his positive statements?

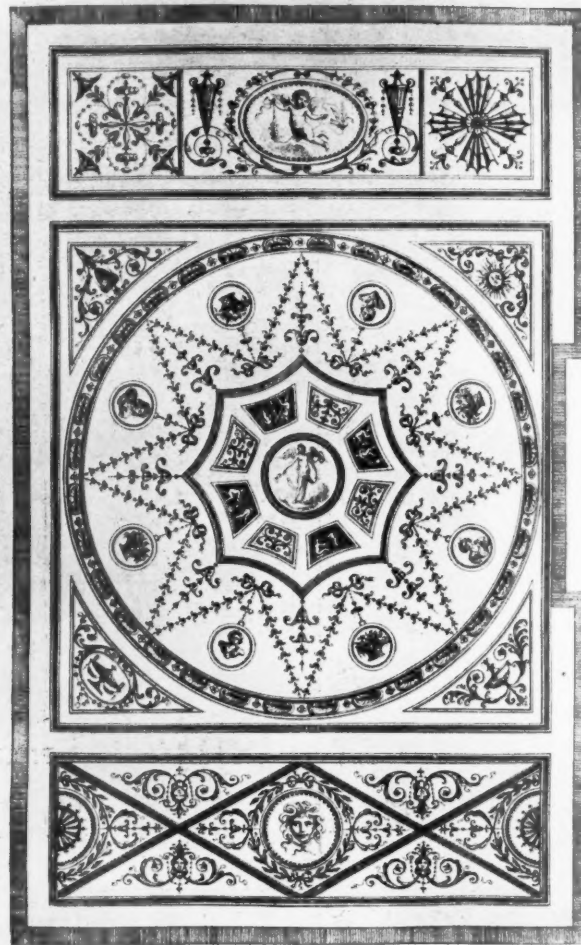
When a writer has collected facts he is free to make infer-

ences from them; but inferences should never appear as facts in a book of reference. If Pergolesi did carry out much of the modelled ornament for Adam ceilings, there is documented evidence somewhere; and as this somewhere has eluded my research, I shall be grateful if Mr. Stratton will name his authorities. The statements made by him have been published also by other experts, and to one of them I appealed in a letter. His answer ran as follows:—

"I am sorry I can't help you about Pergolesi. I have looked up the passage in my book, but unfortunately I did not give my authority, and my original notes have long disappeared."

Several writers declare that Robert Adam "brought back Pergolesi from Italy to do his plasterwork," and though this declaration is at present unsupported by my own research, it interests me because it may be true. The affinity between Adam and Pergolesi in ideas for interior decoration may be tested by comparing three sketch projects for rooms in Pergolesi's designs with similar drawings preserved in the Soane Museum among Adam's work.

In Mr. Lenygon's instructive and charming book on "Decoration in England from 1660 to 1770," Pergolesi is named, but only as one of Robert Adam's "tools"; and we are told that "Adam himself was responsible for the style in all its details, as we may see by his drawings in the Soane Museum." These views invite attention. Pergolesi's designs prove that he was not a tool, but a skilled and rapid artist who had mastered a style belonging to a school; he was fit either to carry out ideas for a commander-in-chief or to seek clients on his own account. Besides, only inferior men try to invent new and original "styles" in any craft dependent on tradition and evolution. Originality is an instinctive plagiarist. Shakespeare himself brought a school to its culminating point, and borrowed from unnumbered sources as naturally as vast rivers accept water from many tributaries. So it is a slander rather than a compliment to imagine that Robert Adam found in himself



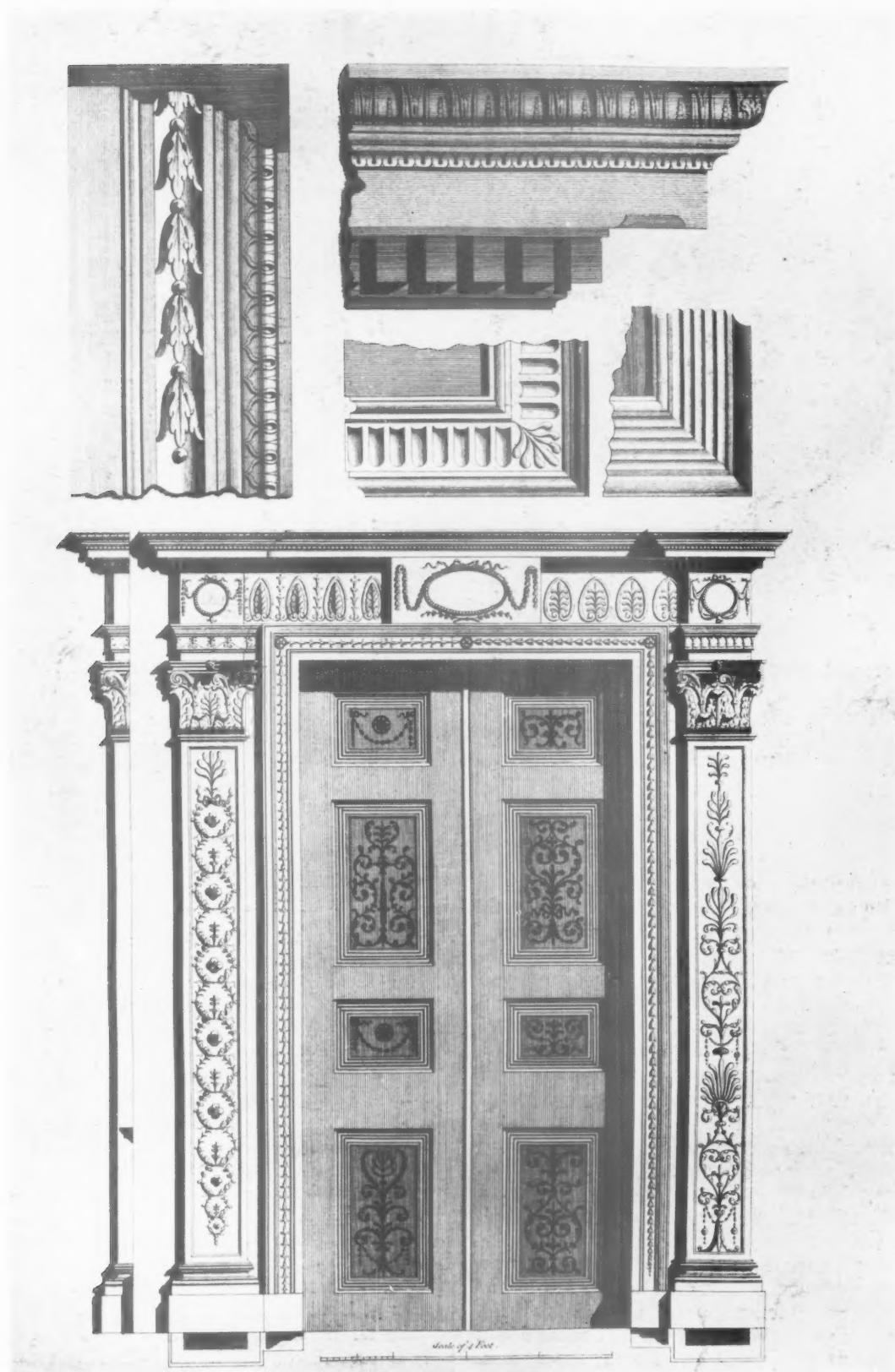
PERGOLESI DESIGNS.

a new style of architecture, and was responsible for it in all its details. Among the drawings in the Soane Museum there are a great many that Adam's devotees have given—not to Adam's own hand, but to his office staff, who needed nothing more than his hints, suggestions, sketches, and criticisms.

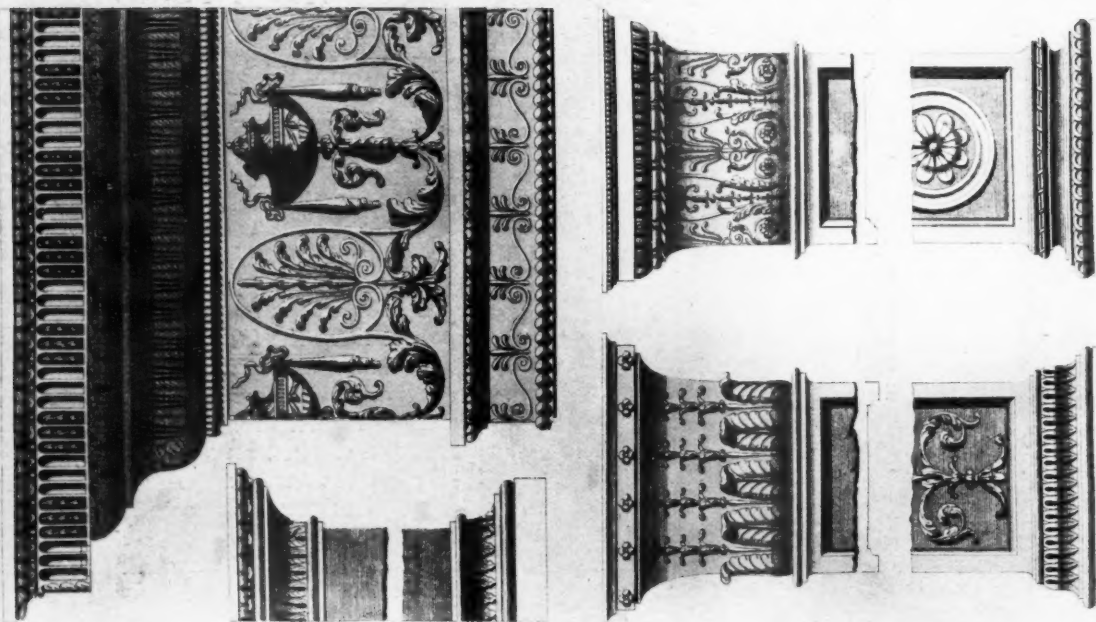
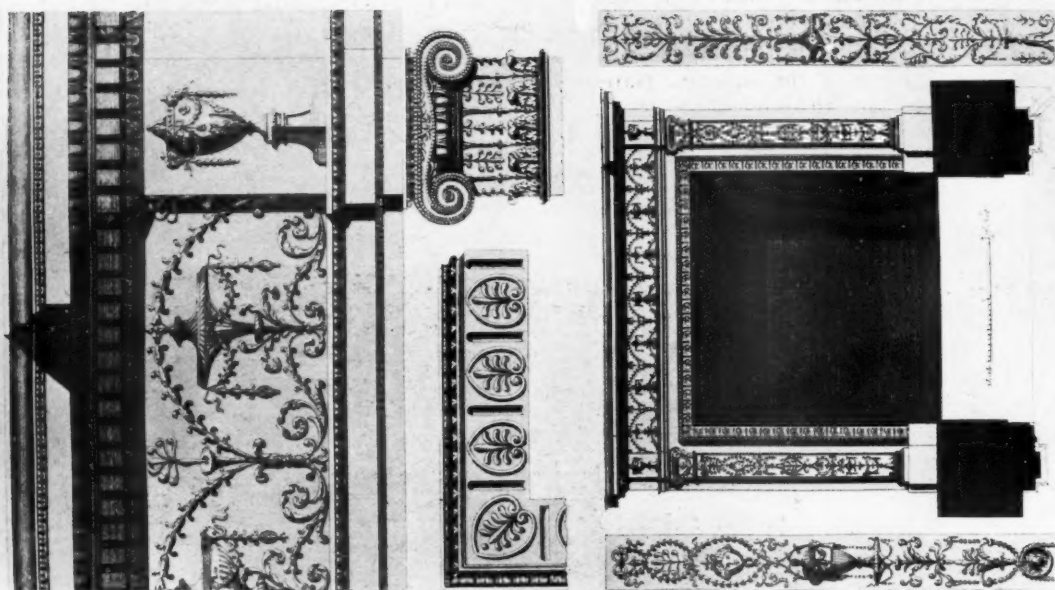
Was Pergolesi at any time a member of the office staff? At present Mr. Bolton cannot associate this Italian with Adam in any business way whatever, because no evidence has come into his researches. Only one fact has told him that Adam noticed the enterprise of Pergolesi. At the sale of Robert Adam's books, etchings, engravings, etc., in May 1818, fifteen plates of Pergolesi's deft and swift designs were in Christie's catalogue, and were sold for £1 3s. Published by Pergolesi between May 1777 and May 1778, they formed the first three numbers of a big publication. In each number were five large plates, and the sale price was six shillings. We see, then, that Pergolesi's market value in May 1818, at Adam's sale, had risen to seven shillings and eightpence per number. In Mr. Bolton's abbreviated catalogue of the Adam sale is a comment on Pergolesi's work: "Designs in the Adam manner, without any text."

Why Adam manner? Is it not clear that Pergolesi and Adam work in the same style and arrive at kindred but different results, because Adam is a man of genius, while Pergolesi is a man of facile talent only, and shows far too often those weaknesses of the style which tempted men to construct

dainty ornament regardless of structural needs? Adam's Etruscan room at Osterley has ornament on its walls in which airy festoons do not hang in curves; they are reversed into round-headed arches. Why? Certain styles have a logic so stern in their structural aspects that they impose self-control and reserve even on widespread schools, while some others run wild as soon as they pass from the hands of masters into general use. For this reason Adam's influence had bitter opponents when it was first in vogue, notably Walpole, who described the ornament as "filigrane and fan-painting," or "gingerbread and sippets of embroidery." Among the charges brought against Adam were these: that he gave up the old modelled stucco-work and introduced Liardet's secret composition, or putty-like mixture, which belonged to cheap picture frames and mirror ornamentation; that he imported Italians to manipulate this composition, which was pressed into boxwood moulds; and that this new craft, much inferior to the noble old art of working in gesso, was so easy to manage gracefully that its incessant repetitions of masks, scrolls, honeysuckle ornaments, urns, sphinxes, interlaced gryphons, trophies of different sorts, and light meandering festoons and sprays became tyrannously sweet and stereotyped. After the great war with France, which began in 1792, the year of Adam's death, a new vogue in architecture and decoration became active, and its devotees, obeying the law of action and reaction, were as undertakers to their immediate forerunners. To throw insults at Robert Adam was a pastime then, though his best work was left



PERGOLESI DESIGN.



PERGOLESÌ DESIGNS.

unvisited; so it is not surprising that minor men who had worked in the same style, like Pergolesi, were left almost unnoticed.

There is a surprising point connected with the Liardet composition. It was Adam's monopoly, and if Pergolesi did not work for Robert Adam, why did he publish so many designs which could be carried out with the least labour and expense by pressing pliant material into moulds? If clients in those days had been eager to support a more costly craft, Robert Adam would not have set great and increasing store by the composition. Well, there are 435 designs in the sixty-six plates published by Pergolesi himself, and only three or four here and there do *not* suggest quite plainly a feeling for such delicate relief

as could be obtained most easily by the Liardet process. Any similar process would have infringed Adam's rights; so I am puzzled by Pergolesi's patterning.

He is so much at ease in it that he designs with too much pirouetting facility. As a rule his dancing freedom of hand has the same relation to genuine art that light and slick journalism has to literature; and he shows this twirling ease and grace on large metal plates, though engraving is only a by-product of his industry. If London in those days had been as populous as she is now, Pergolesi would have been a host in himself to one of the huge furnishing stores, who would have tried to rival the Oxford Street Pantheon and to break in upon the popularity of Robert Adam and Sir William Chambers.

(To be concluded.)



PAINTED PERGOLESI CABINET ON GILT AND CARVED STAND BY ANGELICA KAUFFMANN.

The Charm of the Country Town.

VI.—Amphill, Bedfordshire. (*Concluded.*)

By A. E. Richardson, F.R.I.B.A.

WHILE John Morris was working assiduously to gratify his taste for building, his brother William was the principal baker in the town from 1780 onwards. The reader will wonder why so much space is given to an account of this man, but the reason will become clear when it is understood that plain John Morris, next to the Earl of Upper Ossory, did more than any other local resident of his time to add to the architectural attractions of the town. It will therefore be necessary to mention the brewery, which started as a modest establishment in Bedford Street. In a few years John Morris had organized his business on such a scale as to warrant many extensions. He planned his residence, Brewery House, to adjoin the brewery. In the year 1775, when Henry Holland the architect was residing in Half Moon Street, Piccadilly, and was then district surveyor of Hatton Garden Liberty, and other parts, it is probable that John Morris met the architect while he was on a visit to the Earl of Upper Ossory at Amphill in connexion with the improvements at Park House. As a result Holland made the plans and details for the first portion of Avenue House, which stands in Church Street, and perhaps advised John Morris regarding further works at the brewery. It will be gathered that the brewer was now in a position to act as patron to Holland, who was then a rising architect of thirty. For nineteen years John Morris was content with his new house, but in 1799, moved by the dismantling of Houghton Towers, the brewer determined to enlarge and improve his estate. He accordingly again invoked the assistance of Holland for the work, with the result that some adjoining land was purchased from John Humphrey, the maltster, and a further suite of rooms added to form an imposing frontage of nearly a hundred feet in Church Street. The original garden of Avenue House ran in the direction of the brewery; it was bounded by the acreage of Pauncefort Lodge, which, in the time of Sir Simon Ullin, had been the largest garden in the town. John Morris purchased this garden together with Pauncefort Lodge, which he converted into a posting establishment, and proceeded to adapt the grounds for his own use. John Morris, whose zeal for building was marked by good taste, purchased the adjoining terrace of seventeenth-century cottages; he was instrumental in building two small brick houses on the same side of the street, and he it was who purchased the best fireplaces, gate-pieces, and urns from Houghton to further his taste for architectural ownership.

Not only in Church Street, but in Bedford Street, the beneficial influences of this modest patron, who had a vision beyond the brewing of good country ale, can be seen. Avenue House, as a result of the energy of its original owner, no less than the skill and taste of its architect, shows characteristics in its remodelling usually associated with the best mansions of the period. The detail throughout is impeccable, but as became the taste of a Quaker, it is restrained to a degree. In the mouldings of the doors, the shutters, the fire-places, and the plaster cornices, with their enrichments, can be seen refined simplicity allied to consummate scholarship. Henry Holland,

whose forte was the building of mansions on the scale of Southill and the suite of rooms at Woburn, could at times adapt himself to the requirements of middle-class conveniences. From the illustrations can be gathered some idea of the refinement imparted to this charming house by such a master as Holland. While the north side of Church Street holds so much of architectural interest, the south side, apart from the inns, is equally representative of local traditions. Foulislea and the adjoining buildings have already received notice, but mention must be made of the group of seventeenth-century brick buildings, including the gabled front which tradition states was once the house of the curate of the parish. Other houses on the south side of Church Street belong to the late seventeenth century. Many of these retain characteristic mullioned and transomed windows of the period of transition from leaded lights to sashed frames. The traveller who enters the town from the east is confronted by a spectacle of refreshing interest; his eye falls upon the graceful proportions of Foulislea, he notes the splendid treillage of wrought iron, with the fine brick piers surmounted by stone urns, and he is enchanted by the perspective which is terminated beyond the market place, where the stone obelisk and the original turret of the Moot Hall completes the setting. As he proceeds the details become more definite. There on his right is Avenue House, recalling in its light and shade an acquatint by Thomas Malton; farther along he views a group of three-storied houses erected during the reign of the first of the Georges, and in the market-place he can study the Shambles, a building of rare simplicity and good taste, and if he feel so disposed he can tread the original brick paving.

In this town of memories, where the past slumbers on regardless of the hives of industry, where there is little to tell of railways, of electricity, and so-called modern progress, where lamp-posts are few, and lanterns project from wrought-iron arms held out at convenient points from the mellowed walls of the buildings, the hand of time itself is stayed. As might be expected Amphill boasts a few diminutive shops, bow-fronted, and sashed into neat squares. Very little imagination is needed to complete this delectable picture and to supply the interest of costume. Like Pope's politician, "who all things saw through half-shut eyes," the visitor can at will garb present-day pedestrians as the fancy takes him. He can crown the men with three-cornered hats, cravats, ruffles, frock-coats, and knee-breeches; he can, in his imagination, clothe the women in the voluminous folds of paduasoy and taffeta. With such a setting no charges of pleasantry can be attributed to the writer, neither will the cry "Wardour Street" be raised should any one wish to try the experiment.

Proceeding on our detailed survey of the houses we notice both in Church Street and Dunstable Street examples of the skill of the eighteenth-century workers in plaster who were responsible for rendering the façades in imitation of Staffordshire-ware cottages, made popular as models and sold as fairings. There is a good deal to be said for this treatment of stucco

AMPTHILL, BEDFORDSHIRE.

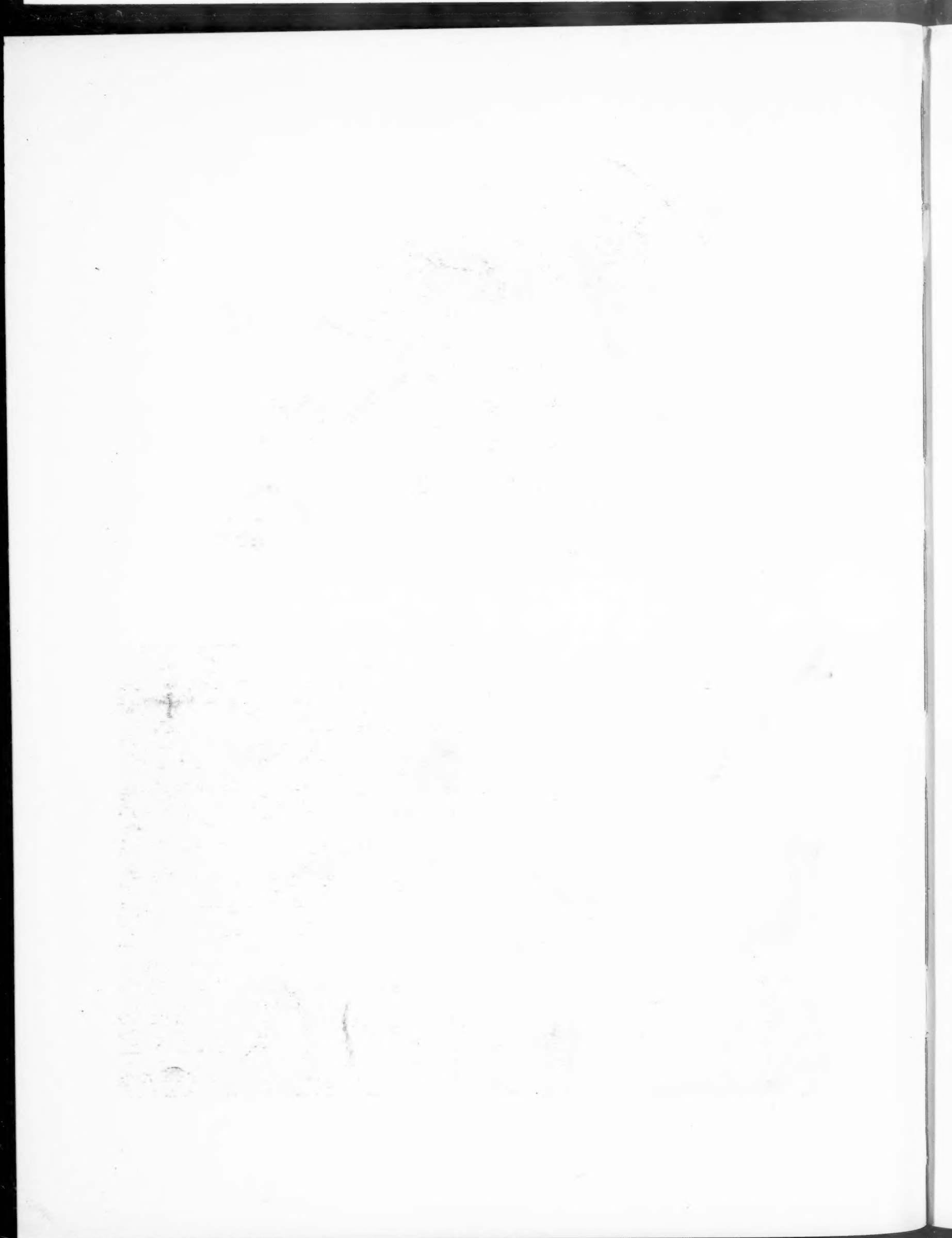


Plate IV.

October 1921.

AVENUE HOUSE, AMPTHILL, BEDFORDSHIRE.

From a Drawing by Hanslip Fletcher.





AVENUE HOUSE, AMPTHILL.



THE FRONT AND BACK ENTRANCES.



The Entrance.



The Staircase.

AVENUE HOUSE, AMPHILL.

channelling, which is a direct survival of Elizabethan practice, and is quite distinct from the Victorian stucco that roused the ire of Ruskin. In Dunstable Street, on the south side, almost adjoining, stand two middling-sized Georgian houses which tell of remodelling in the closing years of the eighteenth century. The Georgian at this period did not underestimate the value of an enriched door-casing as a foil to plain brick-work and well-proportioned windows. Near to these houses, on the same side of the street, is a seventeenth-century cottage remodelled in Chippendale taste, which looks for all the world as though the intention of the designer responsible for bringing it up to date had been to reproduce a china model in great. And so one could go on with the description of every house and cottage, not forgetting the meeting-place of the eighteenth-century Quakers, among whom the Morris family were foremost, did not other and more particular interests demand our attention.

We are told that in the eighteenth century there were houses, "standing incommensurately in the market-place," which were pulled down in 1785 when the Earl of Upper Ossory had the obelisk erected in their place. There is an etching, extant made in 1836 by Thomas Fisher, from a drawing prepared in 1813, showing the original Moot Hall, which in all probability indicates that the town possessed some kind of municipal organization. This hall was swept away in the middle of the last century; the cupola and the clock, however, were re-erected practically above the same site, and the hours are still struck on the bells made respectively by Richard Chandler in 1701 and 1710. From the picturesque standpoint, apart from the architectural interest of the old buildings in the fine streets of the town, the rising ground between

Bedford Street and Russetts Plantation carries some very interesting houses and cottages, some of which belong to the late seventeenth century, and others being representative of the humbler, but no less distinguished, building methods of the eighteenth. This part of the town has the merit of narrow, steep ways, mingled with small gardens and forecourts; it supplies that air of mystery commingled with protection lacking in many places of more pretension to architectural display, and offers to the student of town development new theories of adjustment, such as are apt to be neglected in these utilitarian days. A feature of Ampthill, which has been reserved almost to the last, but which, nevertheless, has considerable merit, is to be found in the "Duke's Cottages" that stand on the Woburn Road at the west end of the town. These semi-detached cottages are among the best examples of the so-called "Cottage ornée" to be found in the country. All bear nineteenth-century dates (1813, 1815, and 1816) over an earl's coronet. These cottages are delightful in proportion, some are of brick-nogging, and some are harled, the majority being thatched, and nearly all have pumps in the front gardens. Opposite these cottages the road widens, and on the sandy space the cattle fair of the town is held in the first week of May and the last of November. To the left, as the town is approached from Woburn, is the stately avenue of limes, known as the "Alameda," which, running south-west, leads to Cooper's Hill, prior to the war crowned with lime trees. This avenue was planted over a century and a quarter back by the celebrated Lady Holland in imitation of the Alameda at Madrid. Lady Holland was also responsible for the erection of the handsome gateway and wrought-iron gates that formerly completed the avenue. The entrance was removed some years



Garden Temple.



The Garden.



The Study.



THE DUKE'S COTTAGES.

since, and the gates were re-erected to form one of the entrances to the Grammar School at Bedford. Thanks to the generosity of His Grace the Duke of Bedford the "Alameda" has now been given to the town to form part of the local war memorial, a cenotaph has been erected at the end of the avenue by public subscription, and a new entrance has been formed at the expense of the Urban Council. From the "Alameda" a footpath leads across Cooper's Hill down through a spinney to the delightful group of almshouses erected by John Cross in the closing years of the seventeenth century. This group of buildings conform on the south side to an E-shaped plan; the building is of two storeys, with dormer windows lighting the attics. Nothing could be more delectable than the simplicity governing the design of "Oxford Hospital," for such this charity is named. The building is covered with a hipped roof; there is the characteristic string course at the first floor level, the wood cornice is generous in its mouldings, and the pediment over the central position marks the diminutive chapel within. These almshouses provide rooms for eight men and four women, with a matron and reader.

Another charity exists in the "Feoffee Almshouses" which adjoin the Parish Church. In this latter group the front buildings are of seventeenth-century date, the gateway giving access to a small close on one side, of which, joining the older work, stands a row of one-storied cottages belonging to the period of 1802.

The foregoing descriptions may appear to border on the prosaic, but accurate facts and details are essential to any true account of a town such as Ampthill. When one sets out to study historical associations the small matters oftentimes escape attention; one is proud to regard the main events, no less than the buildings of large scale, to be the most important. Architecture at its best is aristocratic; on the contrary it is, if it is worthy, also humane and therefore democratic. The productions of the past, if not of the present, speak eloquently of this trait of building. When the past is studied we are

astonished at the reality and the thoroughness of the handiwork of those who have made past history so enjoyable an asset. We examine individual bricks, the form of Norfolk latches, the shaping of keystones, the bulk of a chimney-stack, and the moulding of a door-casing no less than its panels, as if we were privileged to converse with the craftsmen who made these things.

An interest entirely human attaches to the development of a town. From the concrete facts can be obtained ideas and theories useful to modern needs; we can, in other words, understand our own position and measure our shortcomings. Ampthill has engaged the writer's attention at length, not only on account of its royal and historic associations, not merely by reason of the works of the architects whose labours evolved the great houses outside the town boundaries, but mainly because it is a place complete unto itself.

It must be remembered, too, that mere architectural display and formality do not constitute the sole charm of towns. What of the fruit gardens, of the pock-marked, sunburnt southern walls, of the glories of the pleasure gardens great and small, of the grounds rising in terraces from the backs of Tudor or Georgian houses whose fronts abut on the pebbled ways of the streets; of the country and the trees beyond, the haunt of the squirrel, of the rooks, the teeming life of the woods? Our forbears understood all this; to them life had a deeper meaning; to them were unknown the blaze and glitter, the excitement and haste to which we of a later day have become slaves. The life of the Tudor Age was quickened by the warmth from Italy, and if the new thought at first found expression around doors and windows, and in the recesses of panelled halls, it fitly and aptly accorded with the desire of the people to become better acquainted, not with idol worship, but with the natural things that help to uplift the senses and the understanding.

Some of the photographs have been taken by Mr. Anthony Wingfield, Junr.

Drawings and Etchings by Francis Dodd.



Plate V.

October 1921

BATH ABBEY.

From a Pencil Drawing.

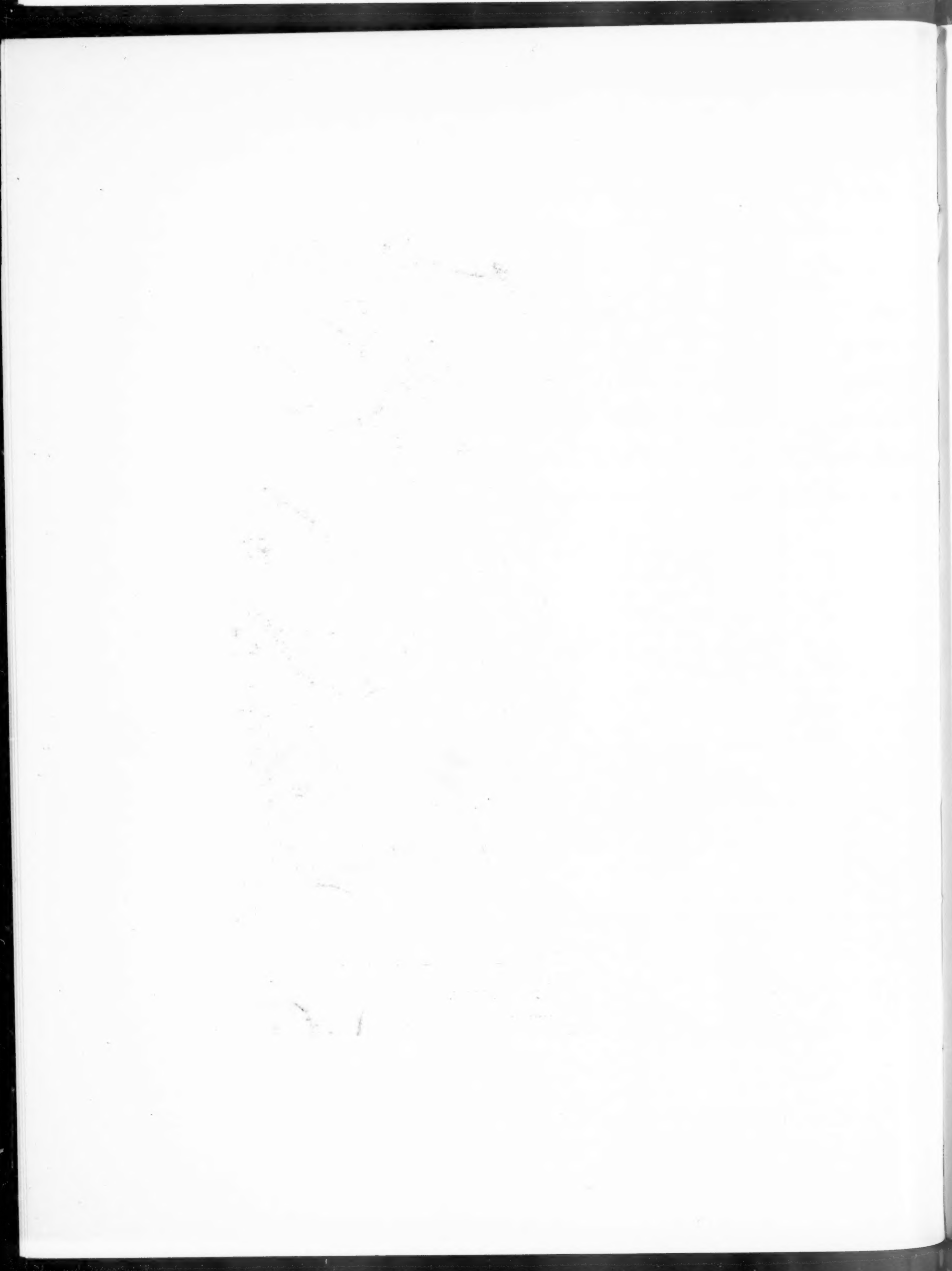


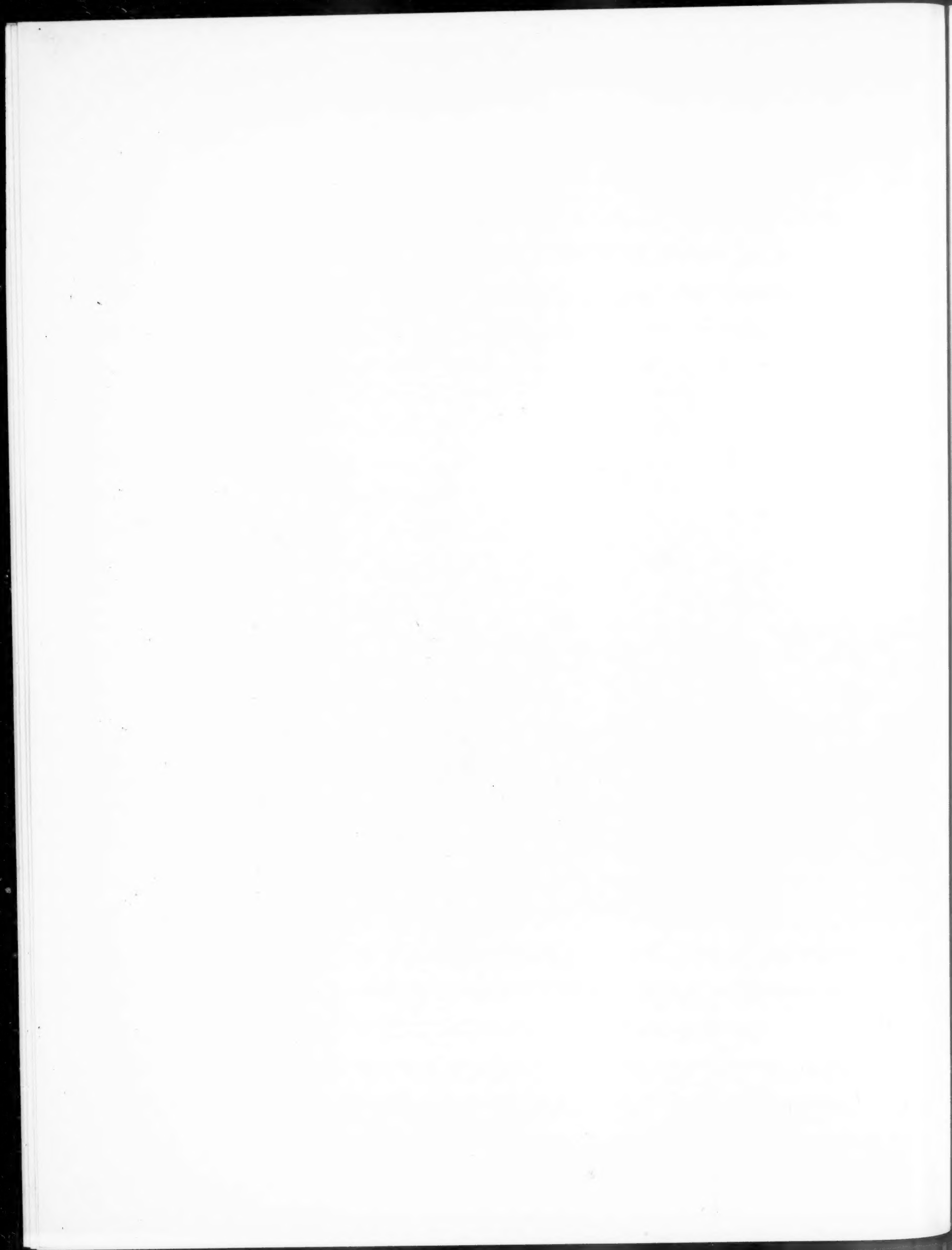


Plate IV

LUDLOW.

From a Pencil Drawing.

October 1921.



DRAWINGS AND ETCHINGS BY FRANCIS DODD.



VERONA.

From a Copper Engraving.

DRAWINGS AND ETCHINGS BY FRANCIS DODD.

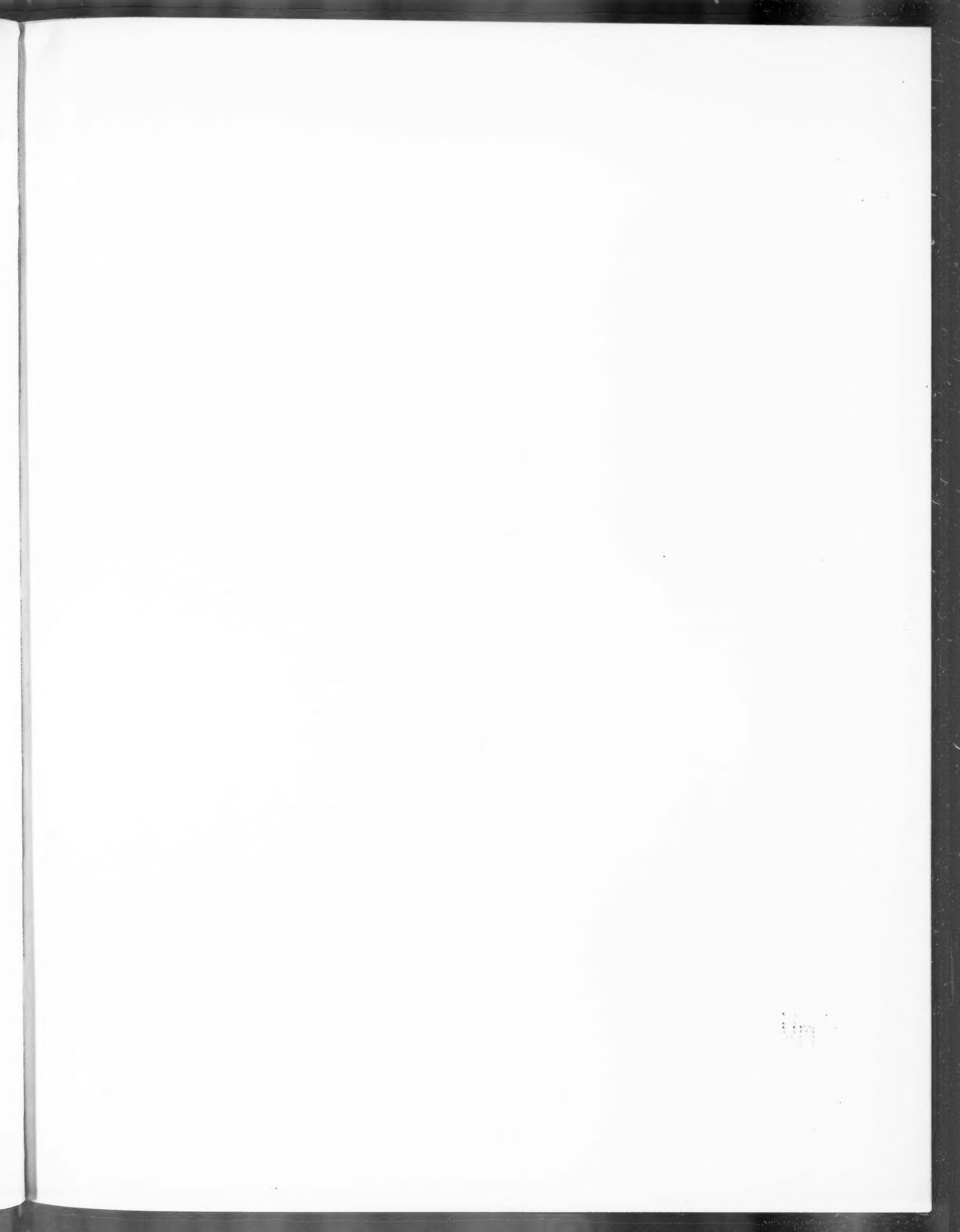


WITNEY, OXFORDSHIRE.

From a Pencil Drawing.

STOW-IN-THE-WOLD.

From a Drypoint Etching.



THE "REGENT" KINEMA THEATRE, BRIGHTON.

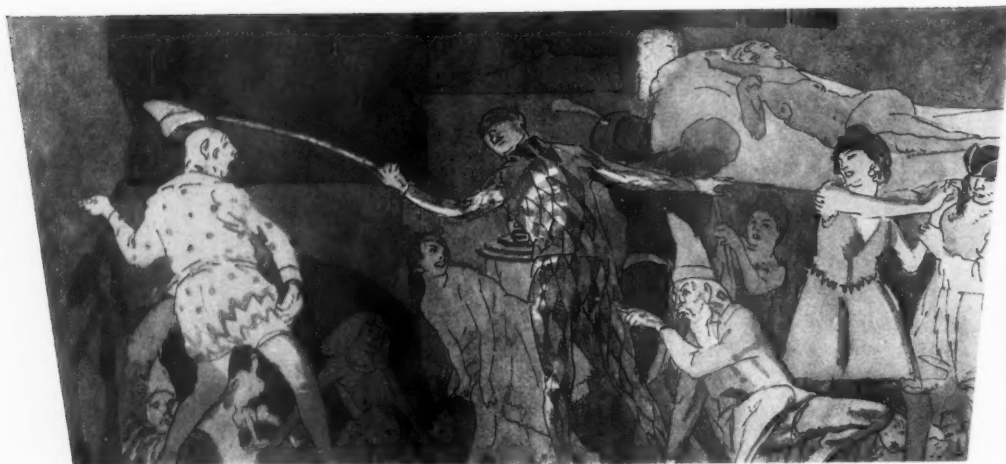


Plate I.

"CARNIVAL," BY WALTER BAYES.

The "Regent" Kinema Theatre, Brighton.

Robert Atkinson, F.R.I.B.A., Architect.

NO modern building offers quite the same opportunity for original planning and design as the kinema.

It may be said that, after all, a kinema is only a theatre where one looks at moving pictures instead of play-actors. The difference lies not so much in the show as in the more casual attendance of the audience, and this difference has encouraged the enterprising kinema builder to capture the interest of his audience in various subsidiary ways.

The Brighton kinema is not only an immense theatre (its seating accommodation on the ground floor alone being 1,500), but it is also something of a Kursaal, Winter Garden, and

one to deal with. The main elevation is a comparatively narrow front on Queen's Road. The front to North Street is merely a second entrance although an important one. But no one could pass down Queen's Road without halting and being struck with the very original elevation that is seen.

True to the traditions of kinema fronts, it consists of an immense and deeply recessed opening, which encloses an upper floor restaurant and the main entrance. This one feature, perhaps a *tour de force*, is squarely set in a flat façade of Roman marble, panelled with red strips. But the eye naturally turns to the Della Robbia plaques and panels, which, in blue, white,



DESIGN FOR THE NORTH STREET ENTRANCE.

Pavilion, in that it combines theatre, restaurant, tea-rooms, roof-garden, retiring-rooms, and promenades.

Compared with other kinemas in this country it is only fair to say that it is, perhaps, the largest, and certainly the most original. It is original in that it is a great experiment in colour, and colour in its highest key. It is difficult to say just exactly what style the scheme of decoration most nearly follows. It is neither primitive, Pompeian, jazz, nor Egyptian. One might say of the "Salle Marivaux" in Paris that it is Pompeian, or of "Le Colisée" that it is Louis XVI; but here one feels rather than recognizes that the style is Roman, and yet the brilliancy of an Oriental atmosphere seems to scintillate about and to pervade the whole design. This is probably due to the very original scheme of lighting, which, as contributing to the emotional appeal, is a very considerable force.

As will be seen from the illustrations which accompany this article, the site, situated as it is at the corner of two streets and without possession of the corner plot, is a very awkward

and green, decorate the flat black marble architrave, which makes a very rich frame.

The public pass into the vestibule through a screen of black metal and glass doors. The vestibule, a double square with circular ends and set parallel with the front, has walls and ceiling of "Stuc." It is a stony vestibule, as all such apartments should be; and although the architect has had to allow for the weaknesses of a modern audience in the provision of a rich carpet, this in colour is made to match the walls. The contrasting note is a narrow blue border with gold key, which, incidentally, helps to bring out the creamy quality of the walls.

A series of arches, two of which are mirrored, give access to inner vestibules, staircases, recesses for cloaks, and another weakness—a sweet stall. In the centre of the ceiling is an oval and gilded panel, but the simple shape and colouring of the chamber is, except for the metal pay-box in the centre, decorated as all such good vestibules should be, merely with Roman vases and marble candelabra flanking its "exedra." If it has any fault, it is a little too delicate and too small in

scale as regards its detail. From this stony chamber one is led through stony corridors, and up stony staircases into mysteriously lit foyers and upper halls.

All this is clearly shown on the plan; but a word as to the general arrangement of the theatre. It is a two-tier theatre encircled in the rear by promenades. Between the two tiers and beneath and above their promenades is a foyer which, on the one side, opens on to a series of five alcoves, and on the other, through arches to the theatre. From here there is no view of the proscenium; this is obstructed by the soffit of the upper tier, and by the cleverly placed decorative paintings of Mr. Walter Bayes, which act, as it were, as eye-shades to the moving pictures. Over the balcony, however, a view is obtained of the audience below. This chain of alcoves is used as a public tea-room and as a foyer for the stalls.

As a piece of design these alcoves are in effect a series of cavernous chambers opening out of one another by low circular arches, and, as has been explained, to the hall. The walls of the three in the centre are coloured a deep orange, the first and the last one a rich green. The colour is blended with red bands, and the only note of decoration is a small picture, one in each, set in a richly coloured frame. These very modern pictures are by Mr. Walpole Champneys, and represent a Columbine and Harlequin series of figures in flat colours with high lights.

But curiosity, and a desire for bigger things, takes us into the theatre itself. Here again the scheme of decoration is one of warmth and brilliancy. The general tone when full lighting is on is deep orange, and superimposed are panels and features

in full palette and contrasting keys. From the recesses of the tiers the eye passes increasing richness to the proscenium arch, whose simple splayed reveal, decorated with a delightful procession of figures in red and orange on a purple ground, provides a feast of colour richer than can well be conceived. This work was executed by Mr. Laurence Preston, of the Brighton School of Art.

Perhaps the least satisfactory part of the theatre is the shape of the ceiling. The straight cross-beams, no doubt necessarily so on account of the construction, do not marry well with the great elliptical proscenium arch.

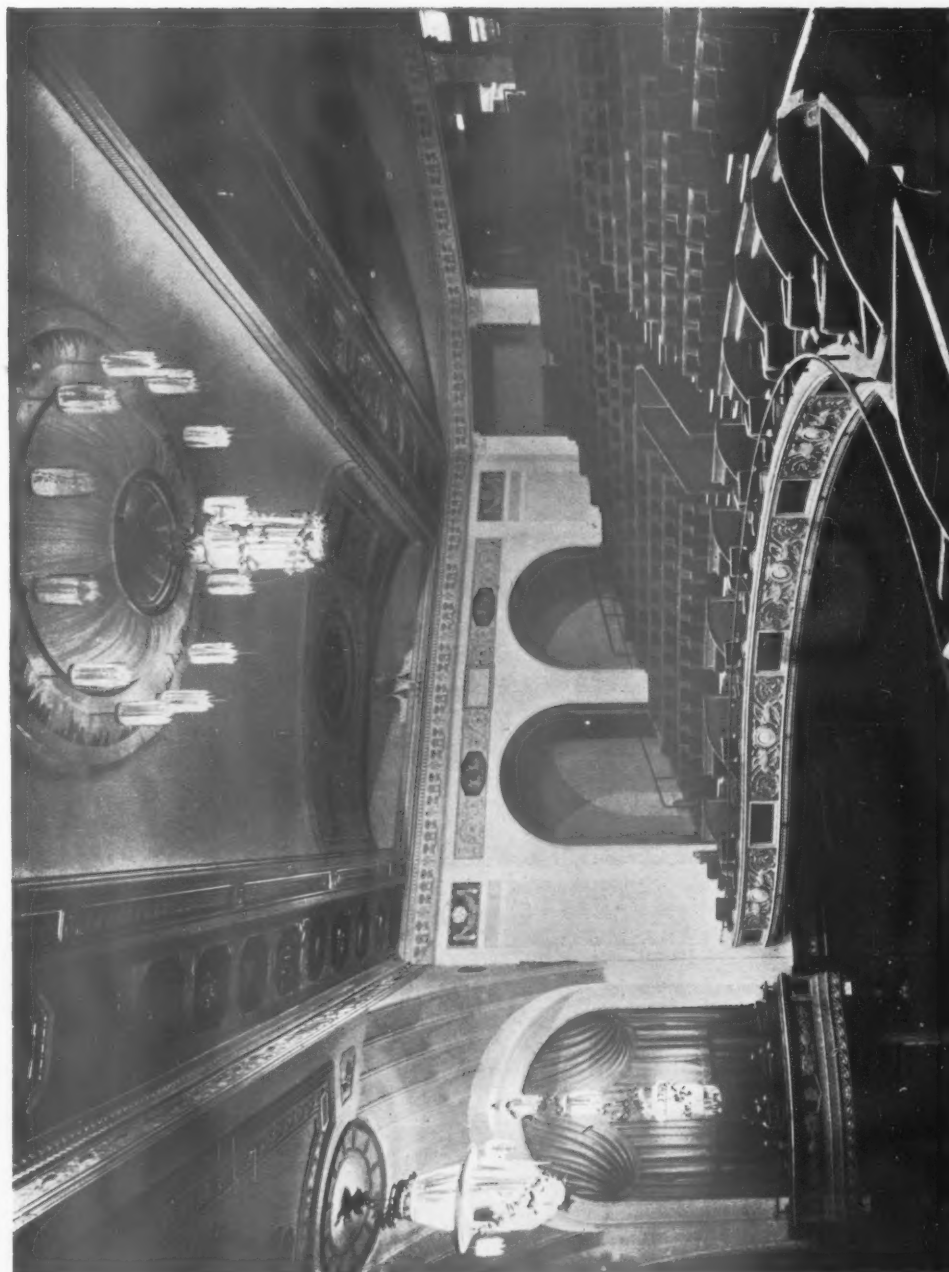
Adverse criticism might also, perhaps, be directed to a certain lack of continuity in scale, and to the introduction of over-many motives in the architecture. This is, perhaps, due to difficulties of construction, and to the almost impossible problem of perfectly connecting all the parts in so vast and complicated a scheme. But, after all, this is incidental, and does not detract from the success of the general shape and proportion, nor from the richness and splendour that pervades the whole of this wonderful interior.

One word on the lighting: it must not be supposed that when lights are down we are in inky darkness. While pictures are being shown the whole hall twinkles with tiny subdued orange and red lights, insufficiently brilliant to distract from the pictures, and yet enough to allow the eye to peer through a mystic darkness and absorb in a dreamy way the beauty of the architecture around.

The system of construction used in the upper tier, which is without visible support, has called for considerable artistic



ELEVATION TO QUEEN'S ROAD.



VIEW OF BOXES AND GALLERY.



ONE OF THE SIDE BOXES.



BASE OF PROSCENIUM ARCH.



VIEW OF BACK OF AUDITORIUM, SHOWING AUDITORIUM, FOYER, AND WALLS TO BOX FOYER.

ingenuity in order to avoid that drooping feeling, that feeling of insecurity, which is evident in many other theatres similarly planned. Here this pitfall is very skilfully avoided by giving to the front of the gallery a very deep curve.

One is tempted to describe in particular some of the delightful detail that enriches this hall. There are fine painted ceiling panels in flat colour. There are richly painted ceiling panels in full colours in the side approaches from the upper tiers, and the effect of the arches that separate the hall from the two foyers beneath the upper tier, with their separate balcony, is, as viewed from the body of the hall, a suggestion of festive Rome. But perhaps, after all, nothing is more charming than the promenade to the upper tier. It has rich shaped curtains, grey and crimson, an essay in late Italian design.

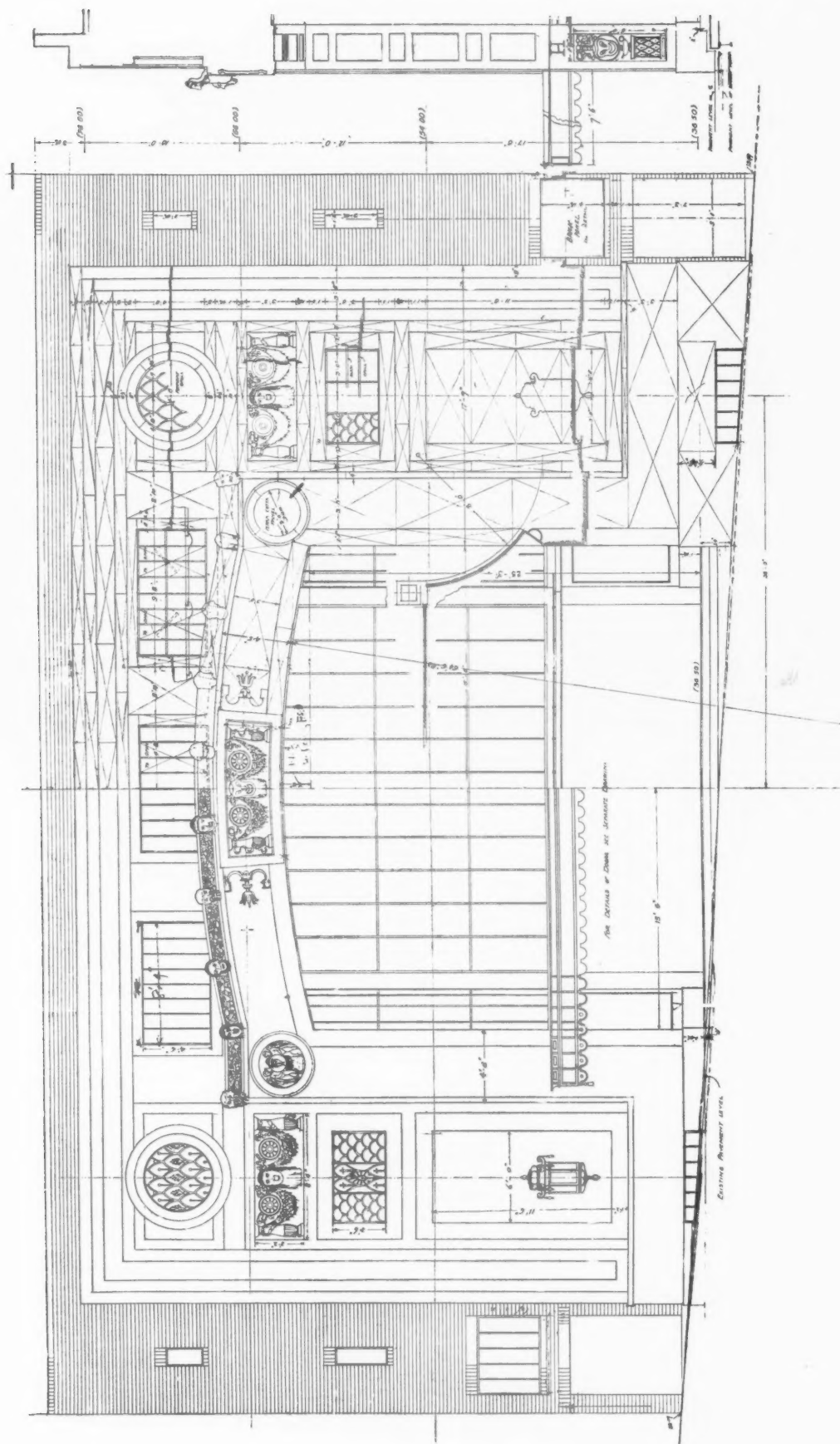
Approached by a separate entrance, and also from the main hall, is the "Ship Restaurant," at the floor level of the theatre, and below the entrance hall. It was a happy solution of the problem of decoration to base it on a definite idea. The idea is a ship's interior, and a ship of an early type. In the scheme of decoration it is a brilliant reminder of those delightfully coloured models of Elizabethan and Stuart ships which rest in our museums. With its windowed forecastle raked in correct fashion to the lines of the ship; with its heavily timbered red ceiling and wall-posts coloured a blue-green; with its thin Venetian-red posts, its gilding and its orange panels, it resuscitates the days when seafaring gentlemen sailed the ocean in brightly painted ships.

We have said much of the decoration, as unquestionably it

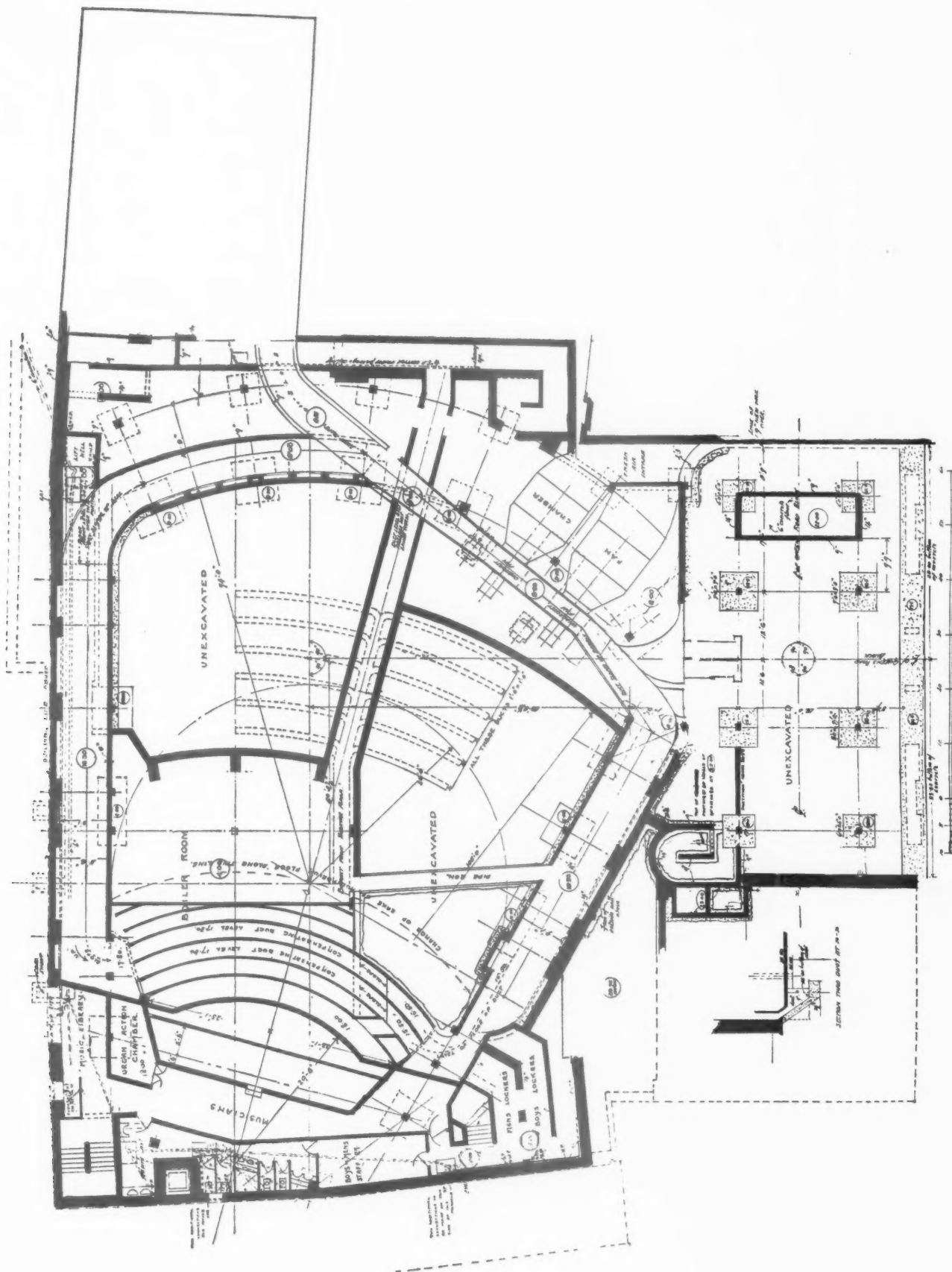
is here, and as a colour-scheme, that it is so original and so supreme. Mr. Robert Atkinson, the architect, is recognized as, perhaps, the finest colourist in the profession, and in carrying through this great experiment he has undoubtedly achieved unmitigated success. He has shown us that it is not necessary to look to elemental methods, Russian ballets, or early mediæval wall decoration, to find a theme in richest colour. He has shown us that this can be done with Italian detail, and he has shown us that a Roman interior can be produced without reference to the somewhat thin qualities of Pompeian. It is obvious that Mr. Atkinson has himself mixed every tint, and wherever an artist has been at work Mr. Atkinson has had a guiding hand.

We have said much of the decoration, and space will not permit of more than a reference to the many practical difficulties that have had to be solved. In these Mr. Atkinson has been assisted by a very able group of men. The steel construction, all of which was designed by Dr. Oscar Faber, O.B.E., consulting engineer, involved nice calculations for girders to support a winter garden of 90 ft. span, and a scheme of enormous cantilevers to support the upper tier was no mean problem in mathematics. The installation of a plenum heating and ventilating system, which meant forcing 100,000 cubic feet of warm air into the building per minute, and with extraction ducts so arranged as to direct the sound-waves from the orchestra into the recesses of the hall, was again no simple task. All this has been successfully carried through by Major Grierson, an enthusiast in his profession.

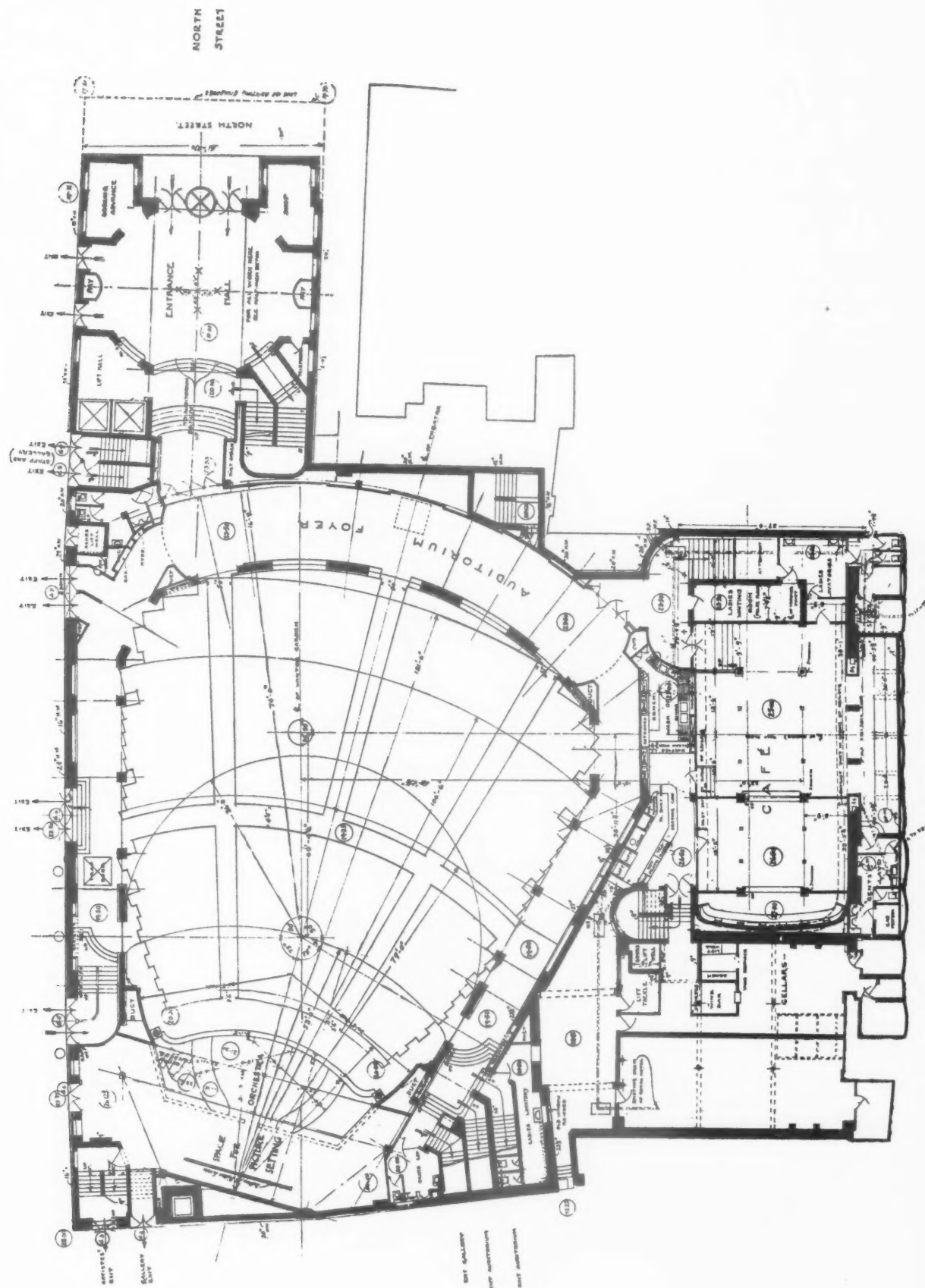
STANLEY D. ADSHEAD.



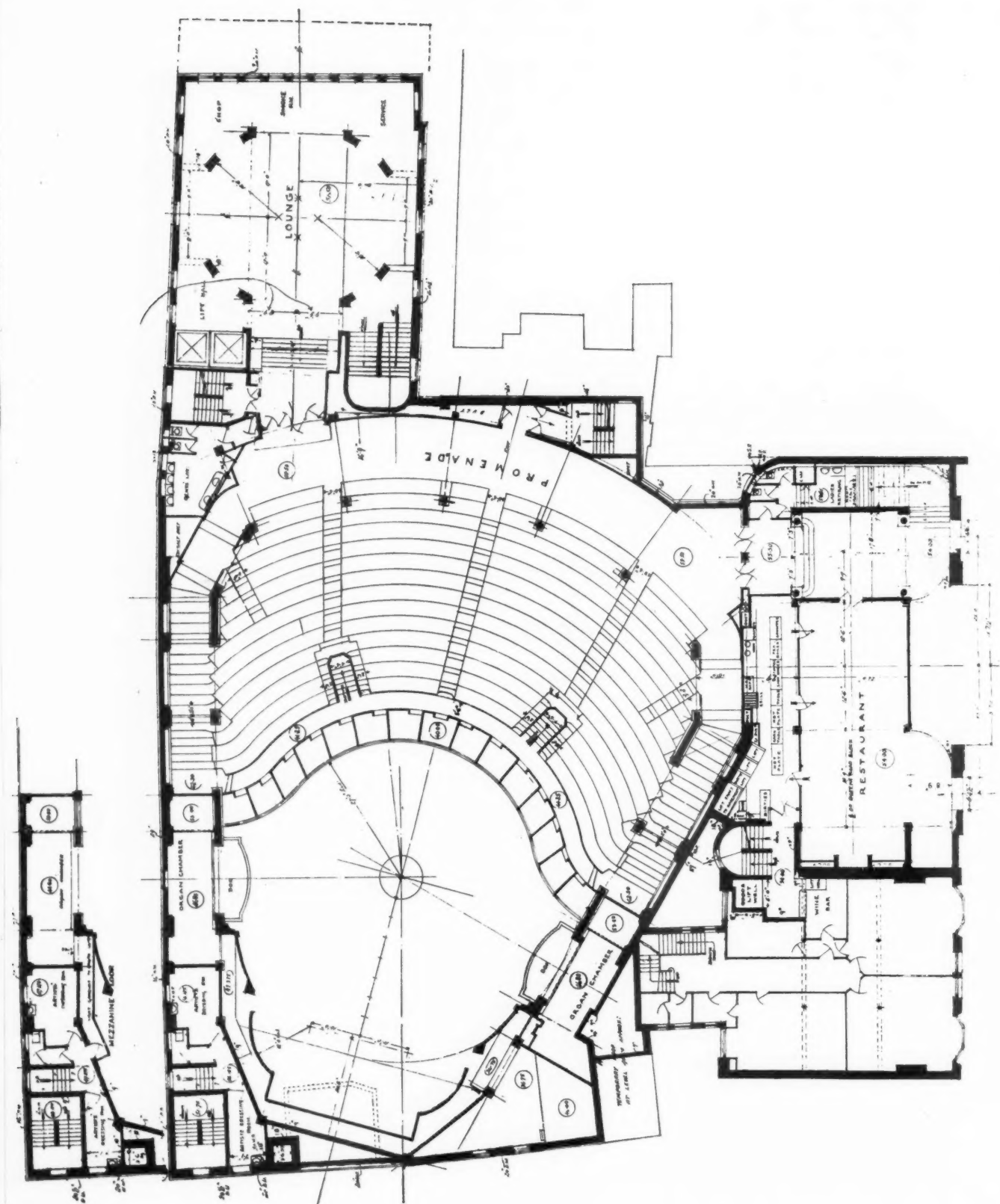
DETAILS OF QUEEN'S ROAD ELEVATION.



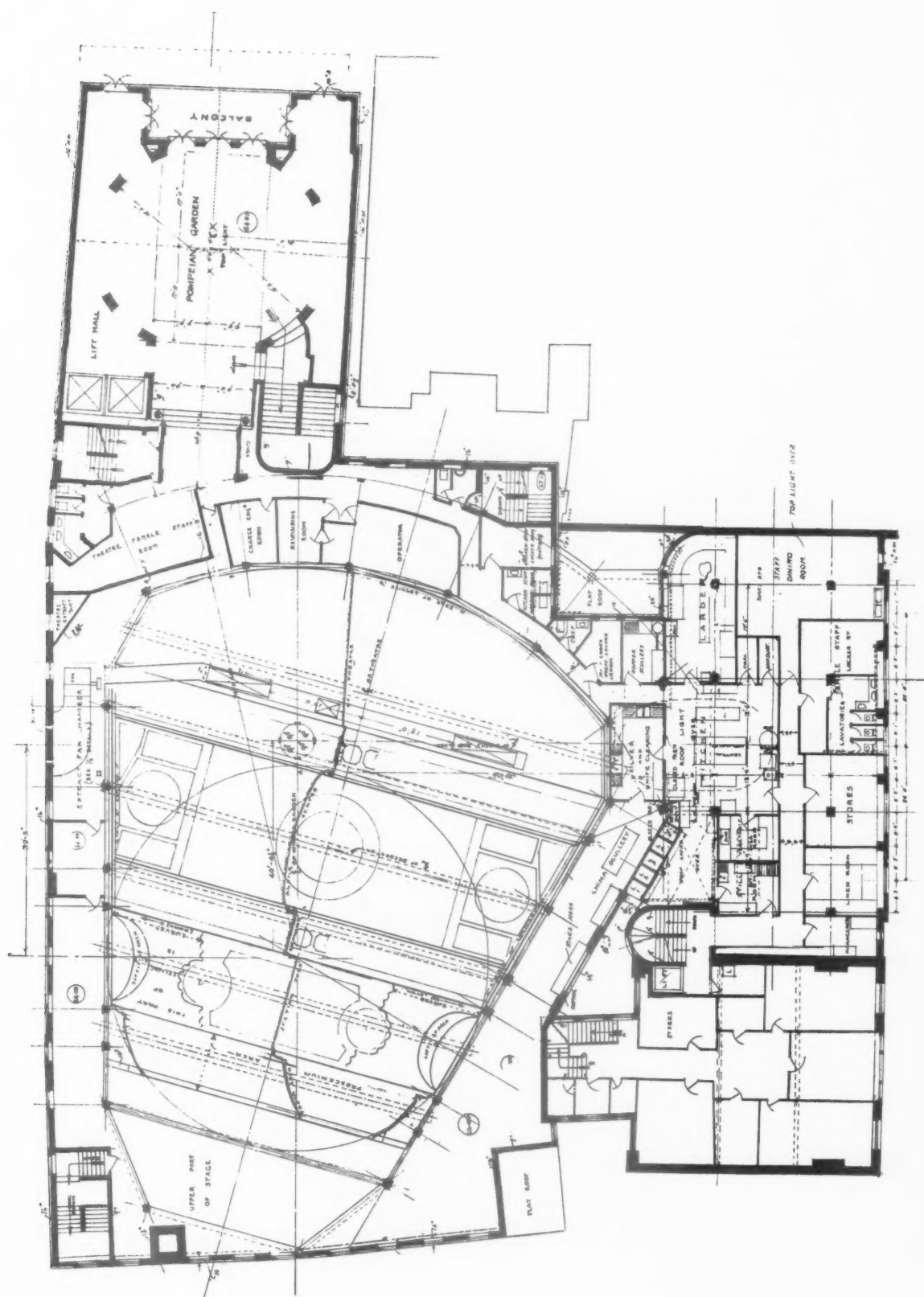
DUCTS PLAN.



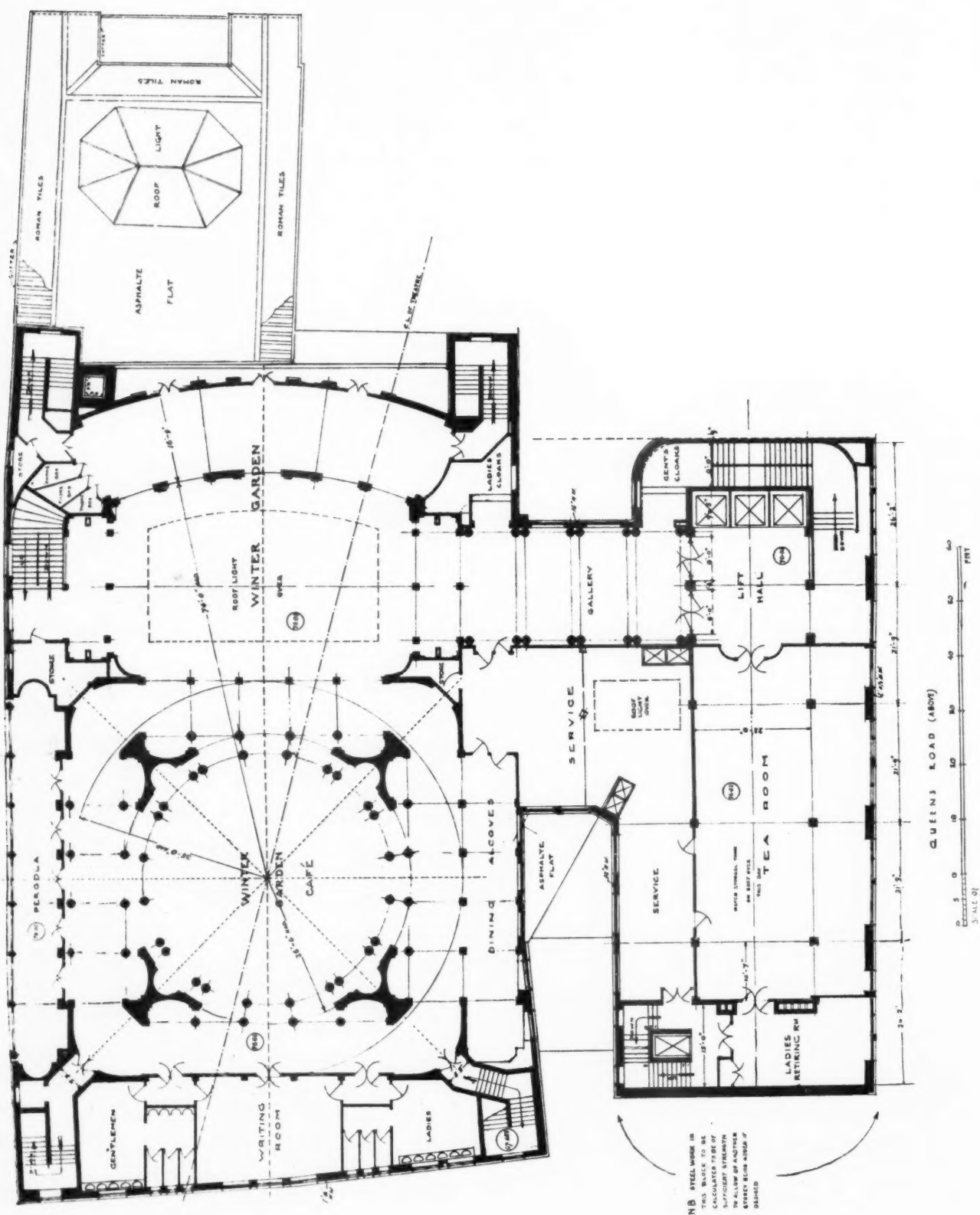
PLAN OF AUDITORIUM.



PLAN OF GALLERY.



SECOND-FLOOR PLAN.



The Franco-British Union of Architects.

Notes on the Work of some French Members of the "Union Franco-Britannique des Architectes."

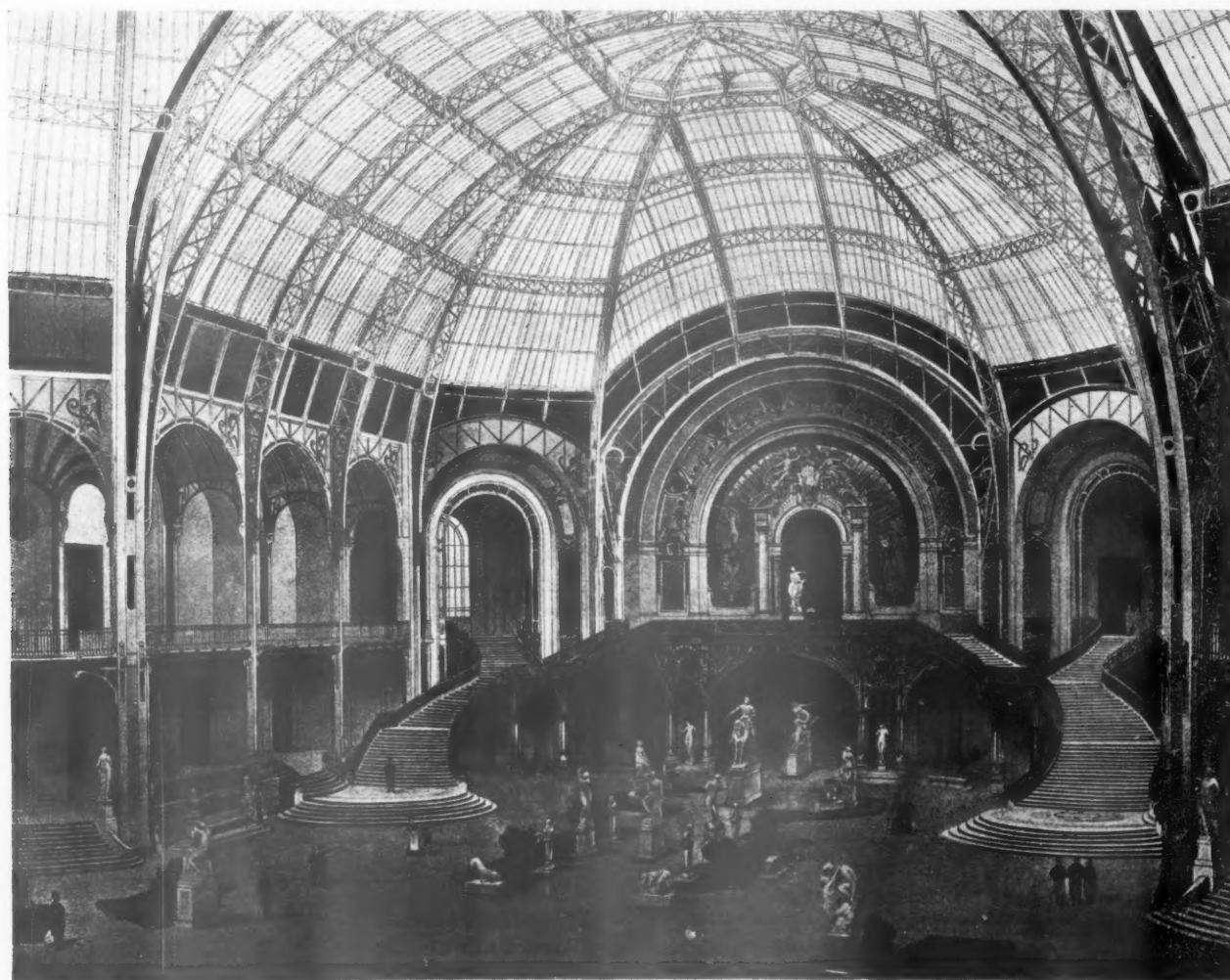
AN event of some importance to architects of Great Britain and France took place a few months ago, when delegates of the principal architectural societies of the two countries met in Paris, to discuss the future education of architects in the new world which has resulted from the war, with its difficulties and problems, which (although not in themselves new) have to be viewed from a different standpoint.

One result of this joint meeting was the inception of the "Union Franco-Britannique des Architectes," proposed by Mr. J. W. Simpson, President R.I.B.A., at the first meeting of the conference in Paris, and most cordially received by our French colleagues. The object of the Union is to encourage personal friendships between British and French architects, and to promote the advancement of the art of architecture in the two countries. Its possible influence on the larger question

of the cementing of the "Entente Cordiale" can hardly be overestimated.

Architects, by the very nature of their work, have a large sphere of influence, not confined to any political party or class of society, and almost entirely free from those restrictions which are so marked in official relations; in fact, one cannot define the limits or limit the possibilities of such an association of the creative artists of the two great democracies of the Old World, the joint guardians of civilization and the champions of liberty and justice.

The first official meeting of the Union was to have been held in London in the early part of this year, but (like many other functions) it had to be postponed, but the disappointment merely made the British delegates the more keen to enjoy the pleasure of welcoming a number of their French



LE GRAND PALAIS: GRAND ESCALIER.

Albert Louvet, Architect.

colleagues who had signified their intention of attending the first general meeting of the new society.

Many of our French members are already well known on this side of the Channel, but it may not be without interest to give a few short biographical notes, together with some illustrations of the work of our colleagues which represents the more serious French architecture of to-day.

M. ALBERT L. LOUVET, President of the Société des Architectes Diplômés, President of the Union, was born in Paris in 1860, was a pupil of Ginain and Louvet, and has filled many public appointments. He was awarded the first prize in the competition for the Grand Palais des Champs Elysées, and carried out the central portion of this building. He is an "Ancien membre du Conseil Général des Bâtiments Civils";

practice, and as the author of "L'Art d'Architecture et la Profession d'Architecte."

M. LOUIS BONNIER, Past-President S.A.D.G., was born at Templeuve, in the Département du Nord, in 1856, was a pupil of Moyeaux and André, and has also filled many public appointments with distinction, amongst which we may mention the following: Architecte en Chef des Bâtiments Civils (Palais de l'Elysée); Inspecteur-Général des services techniques d'Architecture et d'Esthétique du Département de la Seine; Architecte-en-Chef des installations générales, and membre du Jury Supérieur, Exposition Universelle, 1900; Membre du Conseil Général des Bâtiments Civils; de la Commission du Vieux Paris; Président de la Société de Médecine Publique et de Génie Sanitaire; Vice-Président de la Société d'Encouragement à l'Art



PRÉFECTURE DE LA HAUTE-VIENNE.

Jules Godefroy, Architect.

Architecte de la Ville de Paris (VIII section); obtained the Grand Prix gold medal of the Exhibition of 1900; is a Lauréat and "first second" Grand Prix de Rome; silver medallist of the Société Centrale; member of the Jury of the Ecole des Beaux-Arts, etc.; is a member of the Société Centrale (vice-president 1911); Société de la Défense Mutuelle des Architectes Français; Société des Artistes Français; S.A.D.G.; and corresponding member R.I.B.A.

Principal works.—Grand Palais, 1897-1900 (in collaboration with MM. Laloux and Albert Thomas); Houses at Versailles, Ciotat and St. Paire, 1904-1906; business premises, Paris, 1904-1906; studios at Neuilly and Paris. M. Louvet is also well known as an authority on architectural education and

et l'Industrie; Président de la Commission technique de la Renaissance des Cités; gold medallist Salon 1913; Grand Prix Diploma, Ghent International Exhibition 1913, etc.; membre de la Société Centrale, Société de la Défense Mutuelle des Architectes Français, Société des Artistes Français, Association des Artistes, Société des Amants de la Nature, S.A.D.G., etc.

Principal works.—Monument de la Défense Nationale, Lille; Town Halls of Issy les Moulineaux and Templeuve; Creusot Pavilion, Exhibition of 1900; Laboratory of Marine Zoology, Wimereux; houses in the départements of the Pas de Calais, Aine, and Alpes-Maritimes. The author of many official publications on architectural subjects.

THE FRANCO-BRITISH UNION OF ARCHITECTS.



Plate II.

November 1921.

BANQUE DE FRANCE, A NEUILLY-SUR-SEINE.

Alphonse Defrasse, Architect.

